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Marrying a Title;

Or, LOVE THAT TRIUMPHED

By WELDON J. COBB

"I KNOW I CAN ENTRUST THEM TO YOU."

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CHAPTER I.

SIREN BEAUTY.

"YOUR daughter is a heartless coquette!"

"And your son is a spendthrift and a trifler!"

"Be careful, sir!"

"That for your braggart threats!"

"Humph!"

"Bah!"

Two strong, determined men faced each other. It was in the private office of John Vansant, banker, a pretentious private financial institution of Irondale. Its portly proprietor, his frame shaking with determination and rage, faced his one-time partner, William Marsden, now retired millionaire capitalist, with blazing eyes.

"So," slowly and hissingly observed the latter, a dangerous gleam of malice and hatred wreathing his coarse, menacing face, "it has come to this, has it?"

"You have brought it on yourself," spoke Vansant. "You come to my office to insult me with the statement that my daughter, Blanche, has set a trap to ensnare your precious son, as if she were some dangerous siren."

"Yes, and that exactly expresses it," declared Marsden.

"It is a lie!" shouted Vansant vehemently, and his fist doubled and waved in the air as if he would strike his adversary. "I have noticed the unwelcome attentions of your son. I have warned my daughter against him. I would sooner see her in her grave than wedded to such a man."

"Oho, is that true?" sneered Marsden. "Well, if my son Lionel crosses the threshold of your home again, I will disinherit him. I have said my say. Good day."

William Marsden turned to leave the room. The banker advanced a quick step or two to address him further.

"I am to understand, then, that this is a business rupture?"

"Absolutely. Our mutual interests are mutual interests no longer, of course."

"Very well."

"Hark ye, too," added Marsden, a malignant glitter in his eye. "I have advanced you $50,000 to put through your suburban railway line. Under the terms of our contract, I may demand its repayment at any time. I notify you, here and now, that I make a demand for this money. It must be paid within thirty days, or I shall go to law. As to my son, I have other plans for him than a coalition with your family."

The heavy baize door swung to on the retiring millionaire. Colorless, crushed, John Vansant sank to his chair with a gasp.

"Ruined! Bankrupt!" his trembling lips uttered.

He sat staring vacantly at space, fixed despair and distress portrayed in every lineament of his working face. The storm had come, passed, and left him collapsed.

The office in which he sat opened into the main countingroom. At its other end, however, a curtained archway led into a short corridor, which had been built for convenience to connect with his palatial residence fronting another street.

The draperies quivered. They were cautiously, slightly parted. A dark, beautiful face was revealed. Its gleaming eyes, aflame yet radiant, swept the apartment with a swift, comprehensive glance.

The back of the banker was toward the eavesdropper. Noiselessly Blanche Vansant stepped into view. The daughter of Willian Vansant was tall and statuesque, a magnificent creature in rare physical force and beauty.

Her breath came sharp and rapid, and she held one hand clenched over her bosom as if to control some intense emo-

tion. That she had overheard the conversation between her father and his recent visitor was evident. That interest in the same was intense, every quiver of her vibrant frame plainly showed. She had wonderful eyes, a true index to the restless, passionate heart, and a quick bright brain that took in the situation completely, and was working now to analyze its sentient details.

She was about to glide forward and confront her father, when his pose and actions engaged her more studious scrutiny. The banker groaned audibly. He nervously picked up a pencil and began to figure. Then he drew some papers from his desk, glanced at them, threw them down with a gesture of disquietude, and pulled open a drawer.

Blanche Vansant started as she noted a glittering revolver. Her father's hand caressed and toyed with it, a faraway desperate expression on his face. His daughter glided forward, her white jeweled hand touched his shoulder lightly. With a violent jump the banker was on his feet, and he slammed the drawer shut with the urgency and confusion of a culprit detected in some crime. He winced as the eyes of Blanche read his very soul.

"I can do better than that for you," she said simply.

"You—you mean?" he stammered.

"Never the coward route, father," said Blanche steadily. "Lock that drawer and lose the key."

"You mistake my intentions," he began, but she interrupted him.

"Oh, I know it is not the brink of desperation for you—yet," she continued, "but it is dangerous to play with edged tools or—suggestion."

The banker sank back into his chair and passed an unsteady hand over his ashen face. His daughter proceeded to the door through which William Marsden had just passed. She turned the key in its lock. Then she proceeded to a chair directly opposite her father. A slight expression of tenderness mingled with admiration was perceptible in the man's features.

She was his motherless child; she was true to him. If his conscienceless zest for gold had hardened her heart, as it had seared his own soul, he could not but realize that she had been hostess and friend to his friends, that her bewitching smiles had been an element more than once in alluring speculators to the many financial schemes. Now he felt himself in her power completely. He even seemed, with her firm, steely resolution, to act as a sort of protector for him.

"What a man you would have made!" burst unrestrainedly from his lips.

"I wish I were!" she retorted, a slight tinge of bitterness in her tone.

"You were listening at the door?"

"Yes."

"You heard——"

"Everything."

Her pearly teeth came together with a snap. Her eyes shot a glance at the spot where William Marsden had recently stood, as if to blight and blast even the memory of his presence.

"Listen to me, father," she said, now bringing every nerve under superb control. "I am no child, no weak woman. It is you and I working together, each for the other and both for both, or the structure you call business, which you have so carefully reared, will crash to atoms."

"Hah!"

The banker uttered a startled ejaculation and stared strangely at this child of his, so beautiful and yet so hard as steel, with her incisive tones and undaunted eye.

"I overheard all," continued Blanche, "the insults of the man who has you in his power."

"In his 'power, yes," groaned Vansant, "there is no doubt of that!"

"He is your enemy, henceforth he is mine forever."

"Because——" began the banker anxiously.

"Because he has dared to cross my path."

"And interfere in your love affairs?"

"Love!" repeated the proud beauty, shrugging her dainty shoulders. "Have I ever acted as though I was made for love?"

"Then——"

"Father, have I not been to you ever a dutiful, obedient daughter?"

"Yes, yes!" the banker hastened to say.

"Have you not, from my earliest girlhood, instilled into my mind the one principle that money and social eminence were the great gifts of life? I am an apt pupil. If I loved Lionel Marsden dearly, I would bend that love to the accomplishment of that principle. But enough of him. You are in peril. I come to your aid. Let us counsel together. This man Marsden has demanded of you $50,000."

"Which I cannot pay."

"And if not?"

"My own investment of double the amount is lost. Listen, my child, I hold an option on the suburban railway promotion which will bring a cool million six months hence. Now that Marsden is my enemy, he will make it the object of his life to undermine me at every move."

"You need not go into details; I know all about it," declared Blanche.

"You," exclaimed the banker, in surprise.

"Yes. Many a time I have looked over your papers, many a plan I have thought over, advised you about, have I not? I know that ruin stares you in the face if William Marsden presses his demand for that $50,000."

"You are right," sighed the banker gloomily.

"If ruin came, and with it the wreck of all my fond plans and ambitions, I would seek to die, so I am thinking of my own as well as of your interests."

"They are mutual, my dear."

"I shall make them so. Do not stare at me so strangely, father. Am I a baby, to sit calmly by and see an insulting person wrest from you the fruits of all your careful, skilful planning, and from me the proud resolve to reign as a queen of society?"

"But how can it be in your power to avert the crushing blows?"

"Will you do just as I direct you?"

"Yes."

"Then I will save you," promised Blanche Vansant, confidently.

CHAPTER II.

A WOMAN SCORNED.

Blanche Vansant left the presence of her father with the grace and dignity of some self-contained empress. To view her queenlike mien one would have never attributed to her the fierce, welling emotions that filled her heart almost to the point of bursting. She passed down the corridor connecting the countingroom and the princely mansion of her father, crossed a grandly furnished anteroom, and ascended a flight of softly carpeted stairs.

She moved toward a couch, as she entered her boudoir. In an instant the attitude of the girl was changed from tense, unyielding hauteur and self-confidence to absolute abandonment, to reaction. Blanche flung herself recklessly headlong upon the couch. She buried her face deep in the soft silken pillows. Not a moan or sigh escaped her lips, but her whole frame quivered. Then, still as one lifeless, she lay there for nearly half an hour.

When she arose, the throe of anguish, if such it was, showed no impress upon her face. There was a latent fire in her eyes, but a firmer expression than ever about the tightly closed lips. If she had suffered, she told it not even to herself. She chose a seat near the window. Beyond it lay the trees, the busy hum of insect life, the redolence of sweet garden flowers. Her senses, however, took in nothing of this. Her glance was far away, her brow, now slightly furrowed, showed that she was thinking.

"I have decided," she spoke at last. "For weal or woe, for good or bad, I have mapped out my course. I shall not vary a hairbreadth."

Blanche Vansant had led her father to believe that Lionel Marsden was furthest from her thoughts. This was not true. At this very moment this beautiful, resourceful siren was planning to see her erstwhile lover, and that, at once. Amid her triumphs of beauty and fascination she had counted on the profligate son of the millionaire as a sure victim, ensnared in the net of her charms. She believed she could successfully oppose the efforts of the insolent capitalist to break up the match.

Blanche devoted some time to the accessories of her toilet. She donned her brightest gown, and was a radiant creature as she descended the broad marble steps of the house a few minutes later.

She walked around the block until she came to the street on which the bank fronted. Before it, at the curb, stood her father's automobile, the chauffeur at his post.

"Start up," she ordered, stepping into the tonneau.

"Beg pardon, Miss Vansant," spoke the chauffeur, politely lifting his cap, "but the car is waiting for Mr. Ashley. Some special hurry business, I believe."

"We must wait—or get a taxicab," returned Blanche imperiously.

"As you say, miss," acquiesced the chauffeur.

"Drive to the Warfield apartments," ordered Miss Vansant.

The chauffeur, making no further demur or explanation, touched his cap to the beautiful girl, with whose caprices he was fully familiar, and the car started up.

When they neared the handsome apartment building where Miss Vansant well knew Lionel Marsden had a bachelor suite, she directed the chauffeur to drive to the side entrance of the building. She had been there once with several friends, and knew the location of the rooms perfectly. The elevator boy either remembered her or was struck by her rare beauty, for he suppressed the curiosity her appearance would naturally awaken.

Blanche stood in the softly carpeted corridor, hoping she would meet no one, and scanning the various doors, tried to decide as to the room she had once visited. At length she was satisfied that she had located them. A remembered jog in the corridor assisted her memory. She stepped towards a selected door to find it slightly ajar.

Miss Vansant bent her ear to catch the echo of sounds beyond the threshold. Her shrewd, quick eyes meanwhile, were everywhere. She would have made a splendid detective. An intruder, an eavesdropper, as some one appeared down the hall, she noiselessly and unobserved slipped through the doorway, which revealed two persons at a table. Blanche recognized both at once. Her pulse quickened as she made out Lionel Marsden. A slight frown of dismay wreathed her brow as she discerned that his companion was his father.

With her dark, fathomless eyes and sinuous secret gildings, Blanche Vansant might have suggested some Venetian beauty in the midst of plots and counterplots, an adept conspirator equal to any task of sinister moment. As she had spied upon her father and his irate visitor an hour previous at the Vansant countingrooms, so now she hid her presence, and velvet-footed, drew nearer to the open doorway beyond which she saw the Marsdens, father and son.

Rapid thoughts had flashed into her mind when she had discovered the break between the father and his former business associate. She had led her father to believe that she had some plan outside of the Marsdens for rescuing him from impending ruin. That was a deception. Plainly and resolutely she had determined to seek Lionel Marsden and urge him to an immediate elopement. Then, she decided, shrewd, determined woman that she was, she could use him as the means of forcing his father to a compromise.

Once she was the wife of Lionel, she believed she could control, or at least influence, his own personal fortune, which was by no means insignificant. Again, once she was the legal daughter-in-law of the millionaire, for the sake of his own son, Marsden senior would scarcely keep up the fight against the banker.

It was with a hidden rancor and bitterness that Blanche had come to this decision. She did not love Lionel Marsden. His shallow, frivolous nature had never appealed very deeply to her strong, self-reliant spirit. He had been only one of a score of fascinated suitors who had flitted about the candle of her charms. He was not even the wealthiest of these admirers. His family, however, knew some social distinction. He would be easily pulled, and Blanche crushed out of her heart what of true womanly tenderness she might have experienced, making a sacrifice to love of money and the promptings of ambition. And now? A quick sharp gasp escaped her lips, her quivering hand went to her heart swiftly, as the first words overheard from the two men in the next apartment announced disaster to all her cherished, confident plans. In an instant the careful fabric of fraud and plot she had conceived was torn to fragments, and she found herself—stranded.

A glance showed Lionel and his father facing each other, with nothing to indicate that their feelings were not entirely harmonious—nay, more—definite and satisfactory.

"I took too much time—I am too late," fluttered the watcher disconsolately.

Mr. Marsden had reached Lionel first. It was apparent that Blanche had arrived in time to witness the end of a brief but definite consultation.

"Then it is all agreed?" she heard the millionaire ask.

"Absolutely, sir."

"I can rely on you, Lionel?"

"Most certainly, father. I see the merits of the proposition, just as you do. In fact you need never have taken any serious care as to my falling into the specious net of that siren, Miss Vansant."

"Why, it was rumored that you were engaged."

"Oh, she fancied that," scoffed the young man carelessly, and the mean taunt struck the throbbing Blanche like a cruel whip-lash. "Fact is, she is a charmer, and no mistake, but heartless and selfish. I realized that all along. It was pleasant excitement to pass the time with her, and I had an exaggerated idea of her father's fortune."

"Old John Vansant will be a discredited bankrupt within a month," declared the millionaire, with a vicious chuckle.

"And out of the wreck you can get possession of that railroad franchise?"

"Beyond a doubt."

"Which means a million."

"Double that."

"Whew!"

"Miss Marcia Dale, the young lady I hope you will marry," continued the father, "is of an old, respected family. She has a fair fortune, and the match would be a good one in every way."

"I agree with you," nodded Lionel coolly.

"You will give up Miss Vansant?"

"Oh, that is a dead issue!"

Blanche Vansant had to press her jeweled hands to her lips to keep from screaming outright. The shame, the humiliation, the indignity of the moment fairly overwhelmed her.

She cast one awful menacing look of disappointment and hatred at the two men in the next room. She tottered as she glided to the hall outside. One word, fierce, venomous, hissing, left her pain-compressed lips: "Revenge!"

CHAPTER III.

THE CRUCIAL MOMENT.

The disappointed, baffled, and furious Blanche Vansant regained the automobile and sank back on its cushioned seat well-nigh crushed.

Everything seemed falling away from her—love, power, position, wealth. Within a single hour every cherished plan she had counted on had met with defeat. But for the furious burning newborn passion of revenge that filled her soul, a seething, destructive, corroding fire, her haughty spirit would have sunk under the ordeal, broken.

Even the chauffeur, gravely and with real apprehension, noticed the extraordinary pallor of her face, but outside of this not a quiver nor a shadow of expression evidenced the wild storm raging within her breast.

"Home," she said simply.

She sat in a tense, nerve-strained attitude, her eyes impatient and flashing, as there was a brief stop at a street intersection. Then, as her glance casually swept the pavement, a rapid color flamed momentarily to her cheeks.

A tall, graceful-limbed man stood gazing directly at her. He was young, but a cynical, wearied expression of face showed the aging that experience and horror give to many human beings. There was a suggestion of ultra-bohemianism in his careless, worn attire and his pose of indolence and indifference.

His eyes never left the face of Blanche, but with a sinister, somewhat ironical, movement of his hand he lifted his frayed hat. Then the jam was broken and the automobile forged ahead. Soon the machine was past the range of vision of the man at the curb, but to the last moment his eye followed Miss Vansant. It was the eye of a man forbidding, sinister, menacing, the eye of a man who remembered and never forgave.

"Martin Blomer!" murmured Miss Vansant. "He is back again in Irondale. Is this a harbinger of new troubles?"

The brows of the speaker knit closely, and her fingers clenched into her palms in a nervous, spasmodic way. Memory was busy weaving a phantasy of the past about the tragic-appearing man, whose sardonic greeting had unnerved the beautiful but false-hearted woman he had once loved.

That was two years ago. Blomer had been one of the moths singed in the flame of her perfidy. Young, impetuous, ambitious, he had been attracted by her rare beauty, and she had led him on, for a time fancying she might be happy with him. Then a perverse attachment to a new admirer led her to dismiss, abruptly and cruelly, the ardent young newspaper man, fast winning his way to celebrity as a cartoonist and literateur.

Blanche had received some harsh censure for her heartlessness, but that did not much disturb her. Young Blomer went all to pieces. He gave up work, abandoned all his dreams of literary prominence, took to drink, and finally disappeared from Irondale. Now he had returned, at the present time a bitter reminder to Miss Vansant, an added annoyance amid the many unfortuitous occurrences of the most unhappy day of her life.

"I do not fear him," she told herself, "but I wish he were thousands of miles away. I feel certain that at any crucial juncture in my life where this man could shift the balance to cause my downfall, he would not hesitate to do it."

When Miss Vansant reached home, she selected the darkened and remote smokingroom of her father, his favorite den and refuge from business cares. Any one knowing her reckless independence and scornful indifference to social ethics, would not have been surprised to see her take up a package of strong Turkish cigarettes and proceed to light one of them with the freedom of an accomplished devotee of the narcotic weed. Lolling back in a luxurious easy chair, Blanche gave herself up to the intensest meditation. The cigarette seemed to quiet her stormy nerves, and she appeared to evolve coherency and resolution into some definite plan of action from the waving wreaths of smoke that floated dreamily about her.

"It is a critical moment," she murmured vaguely. "Money is the first need—else ruin. How shall I reach it?"

Her brow darkened, and she shrugged her shoulders as a sentient suggestion opened the way for the solution of at least the money end of her dilemma. She had suddenly thought of a miserly but wealthy old widower, Adam Dale, who had once sought her hand. Blanche believed that she had but to speak the word, and this man would fall at her feet, placing there a princely fortune.

Yes, she could thus sell herself; as a last resource she could thus save her father from bankruptcy, herself from beggary—but at what a cost! Farewell to all her ardent dreams of social prominence!

"I will not think of it!" she cried. "There must be some other way to avert the disaster that threatens. For the Marsdens' punishment, revenge—that later on! But, oh, it shall come! I will see father again. I will go over his business affairs, and endeavor to find some token of hope in this distressing situation."

Blanche went to her own room, bathed her face refreshingly, rearranged her toilet, and proceeded to the corridor connecting with the countingroom. As she parted the curtains, she drew back instantly. Her father was not in the

(Continued on page nineteen.)

A CHILD-WIFE'S CRIME;

Or, A HUSBAND'S JEALOUSY

By ADRIENNE ROUCOLLE

"Not so fast!"

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CHAPTER VII.

ON THE TRAIL OF REVENGE.

WHEN Ramona and Pedro, surprised at not hearing any more loud and angry talking in the yard, finally looked out of the kitchen window, they saw the horse gone and Miguel outstretched, apparently lifeless, on the ground. With a scream of combined rage and despair the old woman rushed out, falling upon her knees beside the wounded man, lifting his head to her lap, calling him by name, imploring him to speak, in a perfect frenzy of love and agony. Pedro, following more leisurely, naturally less anxious than the foster-mother, had also knelt beside the unconscious man, feeling for a sign of life in his heart. Satisned by his examination, he said, half-rudely, to his mother:

"Quit your crying! He's living. It's time to act, not to cry."

Ramona ceased wailing. Now that she was assured she still had a chance to fight for the life of the man she loved above everything, both human and divine, she became calm, her thoughts lucid, her nerves steady.

"We must take him to the house, then you must go for the doctor," she ordered, at once taking the lead.

Pedro made a movement as though to remove the dagger from the wound, but she held back his hand, saying:

"Leave it there; it stops the blood." Then, bending closer, she added in hard, stern tones, "It's ner dagger!"

"And she has escaped," commented Pedro, looking around at the empty yard, guessing that the young mistress had taken the horse Miguel had ordered saddled.

"Never mind," darkly answered the mother, "we will get her if she's this side of hell. Let us first tend to him. He must be saved."

Together they carried Lopez to the house; then Pedro hastened for the doctor, while Ramona busied herself about the wounded man, trying to bring him back to consciousness, muttering, as she saw that her efforts were vain:

"Save him, Santa Maria, save him!" and adding with the next breath: "Ah, the viper! I will crush her, if I hang for it!"

The doctor arrived in due time, and with Ramona undressed the wounded man, removing the dagger, a flow of dark, thick blood coming from the wound, and Miguel opened his eyes, the pain calling him back to consciousness.

"He lives! He lives!" cried the old woman, sinking on her knees beside the bed, almost breaking down in the joy of her relief.

But the wound was bleeding profusely, a gushing stream of red spurting from the place where the dagger had been. The doctor, anxious, fearing a hemorrhage, worked fast and furiously, trying to check the flow, giving orders to Pedro, first for cold water, then for lint, and saying to Ramona:

"Don't rejoice too soon, but rather help me. If this flow is not checked soon, no human power can save him.

Ramona leaped to her feet, alert as a young girl, ready for anything. Though she could not speak English, she understood it perfectly. Turning to Pedro, who, she knew, spoke like a native, she said:

"Tell him I am ready to do anything, only he must save the master. He must not let him die!"

While Pedro was translating his mother's words to the doctor, Lopez, in the dim consciousness of his returning senses, had caught the word "die," spoken first in Spanish, then in English. He opened his eyes once more, looked about him, saw old Ramona's wrinkled face, white and drawn, saw the strange face of the doctor, saw Pedro rushing in with a basin of water and some towels torn into strips, saw the bed scarlet with blood, and in a flash memory returned. He tried to rise, but the doctor held him down, saying with stern authority: "If you move, you are a dead man."

That one sentence quieted him more than the combined strength of ten men. He wanted to live to be avenged; after that he would not care what became of him. He therefore lay quiet while the others worked over him, his eyes alone speaking his thought and his desire. At last the blood was checked and the wound dressed while yards and yards of torn sheeting were bound round and round the body. Lopez lay back weak and dizzy. The doctor then prepared to leave, there being nothing he could do that night. Feebly Lopez called to him.

"You must not talk," warned the doctor, "as the least exertion may reopen the wound."

"Swear not to tell any one!" continued Lopez, without heeding the warning. "Keep the secret of the cause of my sickness."

"Very well, no one shall know," answered the doctor. "Now, don't speak again to night, and remain as quiet as possible. I will see you in the morning."

Lopez's life was in danger for the next six days—first, because of a possible hemorrhage, second, the liability of blood poisoning—but he lived in spite of all, lived because he would not give in to death, fighting the battle grimly, determinedly, using all the forces of mind over matter, finally coming out the victor, much to the doctor's astonishment, as from the first he had feared the patient lost. In this fight for life he was nobly aided by old Ramona and Pedro, who nursed him day and night, apparently without tiring.

When Miguel was given permission to speak, he told his old foster-mother of the scene in the yard which had almost cost him his life, hearing which the old hag had asked, her eyes murderous with hate: "But you will punish her, won't you Senor Miguel?"

"Can you doubt it! A Lopez never forgives."

The wound healed rapidly, helped as it was by the man's passionate desire to get well. He, who had never obeyed a human being before, followed the doctor's orders to the letter, neglecting nothing that would in any way hinder his progress. A week after he was pronounced out of danger he was able to walk about the garden; two weeks later he was able to travel.

"I am going to track her down," he announced to old Ramona; "then I'll bring her back here, and we shall decide what is to be done. If it takes every cent of my fortune, she will be found and punished."

"Where are you going first? You have no clew, no means of knowing where she went?" objected Ramona.

"I will go to San Diego, then to Los Angeles, if need be to San Francisco, and there hire the best detectives and put them on the case. It will surely not take a skilled man long to track a woman riding horseback in a house dress, bareheaded and wearing slippers."

"But that was nearly four weeks ago," objected Pedro, as he made one of his endless cigarettes, rolling it with one dexterous twist of the fingers.

"No matter, the impression must have been startling enough to linger in the memory. I tell you she will be found. Then——" Miguel did not complete the sentence, but the two listeners knew the nature of the unfinished threat, which caused Ramona to smile, showing her toothless gums, while Pedro, stolidly and indifferently smoking, thought:

"Better for her if she met with death in some mountain chasm. Living she will have hell to pay, and mother will be there to the finish."

That evening Miguel departed. In San Diego the local detectives he hired did not quite come up to his standard of cleverness, so he went on to Los Angeles and hired two others, noted sleuths with an almost national reputation. Then, impatient, anxious, full of unrest, he returned to San Diego and waited, the understanding being that the first man who brought proof of the exact location of his wife would have a reward of $5,000 over his salary. With such a prize in view, each man naturally did his best. A week later Miguel received word from one of the San Diego men that he had located the missing woman and would arrive the next morning with the proofs.

Miguel spent the night in anxious waiting. Sleepless, restless, he paced his room all night, thinking of the tortures he would inflict when once Dolores was again in his possession. How he would make her suffer, first for her kindness to the stranger, then for her attempt upon his life. He would wring from her the man's name, then his vengeance would include him also. Thus he gloated over his coming vengeance until morning came almost before he knew, and with morning the detective.

"Well?" asked Miguel, when they were closeted together in his room.

"I have found her," answered the man.

"You said you brought proofs. Where are they?"

"Here," and the detective u. wrapped a package he had been carrying, and took out a costly silver-mounted bridle which he handed to the Mexican with a satisfied smile.

"My bridle!" cried Miguel, the minute his eyes rested on it.

"I bought it of the man who took it from the dead horse which your wife had driven to death in her attempt to escape.

"Where is she?"

"At the Ed Taylor ranch. It seems that after the horse died, Mrs. Lopez continued her way on foot until she dropped unconscious from exhaustion. Here she was later found by the foreman of the ranch, who naturally took her to the house. A doctor was called from Mesa Grande, and for a week or ten days she was critically ill. Then she returned to consciousness, and the doctor ceased coming. She has been up for over a week."

"Is she still at the ranch?"

"She was there yesterday when I left."

"But she may have gone during the night," cried Miguel, rising. "You should not have gone. She must not escape me a second time."

"Nor will she, since one of my men is watching, and should she leave the ranch, which is most unlikely, as she does not know she is being watched, he will follow her and let us know her exact whereabouts."

"Where is the ranch located?" Miguel's eyes were dark, his mouth hard and cruel.

The detective gave the information demanded, and Miguel continued: "I will make out a check payable in a week. This you can cash when due, as I may not be able to be back in San Diego in time to pay you the reward."

"Will you not need me to accompany you?" asked the detective, as Lopez was making out the $5,000 check.

"No, I go alone."

That very day Miguel Lopez was on his way to the Ed Taylor ranch, having first gone to Lakeside to get Pedro to accompany him.

CHAPTER VIII.

DECLARATION OF WAR.

Taylor, since his foreman had brought back the report that Miguel Lopez still lived, had looked for a visit from the Mexican any day and had prepared accordingly. He had given Irene permission to tell Warren as much of Dolores' story as she saw fit, feeling sure that the young man would be all the more in sympathy with them if he knew from what danger they were trying to protect the young wife. He had acted wisely. Irene had made the story of Dolores' wrongs so touching that it had at once aroused the cowboy's chivalry, and he had said, resting his hand on his trusty six-shooter:

"Let him try to make trouble, and we will show him how American men defend women-folks."

He then had suggested that the men under him be told the story as soon as they were sure that their services would be needed, for he added: "We're a bad lot in many ways, but we're ready to stand by those in trouble. It's us for the under dog every time."

"I'll let you manage the men as you see fit," Irene had answered. "The only thing Ed and I want is that our guest be neither troubled nor molested while under our roof."

"Trust us for that," Warren had answered. "We're all good shots, and lead speaks more plainly than words."

Naturally this confidence they had in common brought the young foreman and Irene closer together. She began to realize that he was fairly well educated, that he could talk entertainingly, and

that though working for her brother, he was her equal in many ways. Therefore, when not with Dolores or busy looking after the cares of the house, she would make some excuse to herself to hunt up Charles and have a talk with him. Taylor saw this, and soon guessed the cause—that Irene was getting more interested in his foreman than she realized herself. But he was very democratic, and he knew that Warren, though having his share of faults, had no real or deeply rooted vices, and he felt he would as soon trust his sister's happiness to him as to a city man, who, more clever in hiding his shortcomings, might deceive him as to his true character. He knew that with the Western cowboy the faults are more on the surface than in the heart, this young daredevil of the plains rather enjoying appearing worse than he was in reality. He therefore said nothing, and Irene let herself drift along, never dreaming for a minute that she was in danger of falling in love with her brother's foreman.

Taylor, after hearing Dolores' sad story, had not left the ranch, neither had he allowed Warren and two of the men hired at Mesa Grande to do so. The rest of the men were on and off, according to the demands of the herding. Taylor felt that with three determined men beside himself he would be able to withstand any attack, knowing full well that Miguel would not leave a stone unturned to locate his wife, and that once located he would come to claim her. He was determined not to give her up, his love for her having increased with the telling of her wrongs and the constant comparison which had followed. The passing fancy for a striking face, which had caused him to follow her from San Diego to Lakeside, had now ripened into the love of a lifetime.

One morning, as Charles Warren was in the yard repairing an old bridle while waiting the call to breakfast, he saw three horsemen coming toward the house. He did not pay much attention at first, thinking it was some of the men out on the prairie returning for provisions, but continued his work, looking up only when hailed by the newcomers as they drew rein at the gate.

"Is this Ed Taylor's ranch?" asked one of the men.

"Yes, sir," answered Warren, rising and going toward the strangers, still in the dark as to their identity.

"Is Mr. Taylor at home?"

At this moment, Dolores, who since her return to health had insisted on doing her share of the household duties, stepped out on the porch to call the men to breakfast. The minute she caught sight of the two men by the gate, a hoarse cry of horror came from her throat, as for a second she stood deprived of motion. Miguel looked up at that cry and saw her. He leaped from his horse and took a few steps forward, but Warren in the flash of a second guessed everything, and blocked the way. This gave Dolores time to recover enough to hurry back to the shelter of the house.

"Out of my way!" hissed Miguel, as he tried to push the young cowboy aside. "I want to speak with that woman."

"I don't think she wants to speak with you, the way she ran back to the house," answered the foreman, as he gave a shrill whistle which brought the two cowboys hurrying from the bunkhouse, at the same moment in which Taylor appeared at the door of the house and advanced toward the Mexican, very ostentatiously fastening his belt with its handy six-shooter around his waist. He wished to show Lopez that he was prepared for war.

Pedro had dismounted also, and had joined his master, ready for anything, his hands in his pockets holding two loaded revolvers.

"I believe you were asking for me?" said Taylor, easily, as he advanced to the group at the gate.

Warren and the two cowboys moved back a little, yet stayed near enough to be of assistance should it be needed. Like Pedro, each of the men had his hand resting with seeming carelessness on his gun.

"You are Mr. Taylor," affirmed rather than asked Lopez, trying to calm the boiling anger which the sight of Dolores and the evident protection she had secured had caused him.

"Yes, sir."

"I am Miguel Lopez, and I came for my wife, whom I saw just now in the doorway of your home," announced the Mexican, without preamble.

"I don't think Mrs. Lopez wants to return to you, sir; therefore, I fear you will be disappointed in your quest."

"But she is my wife."

"She doesn't deny it, sir; but she doesn't want to return to your home, and there is no law in the United States to compel her to do so."

"Do you know that she tried to kill me?" Miguel's hot temper was rapidly getting the better of his resolution to remain calm.

"She told me she did, and I am sorry she did not succeed," coldly asserted Taylor, his eyes flashing at the recollection of what Dolores had told him.

Lopez, livid with sudden rage, leaped forward, but Taylor covered him with his gun at the same time that his cowboys put Pedro under cover of theirs.

"Not so fast," said the young man, in cold contempt. "We can talk better at a safe distance from each other."

Miguel Lopez was a brave man, but the cold glitter of that gun in the hands of a determined man, whose eyes told him that there would be no quarter, showed him the folly of open rebellion. He could not afford heedlessly to risk his life—he who wanted to live to be avenged. He backed two steps, bringing his rising anger under sudden control.

"Do you realize that you are threatening me?" he asked, his voice calm, though his eyes were black with hate.

"I am in my own home, sir, and I believe there was no mistaking your intention when you leaped toward me a while ago."

"But you are trying to come between me and my wife."

"I don't think so. A man who horsewhips a woman loses all right to be called husband. He is nothing but a brute in human form."

Once again the hot blood of anger surged to Miguel's head, his hand went to his hip pocket in a significant gesture, but Taylor, in tones which brooked no disobedience, ordered:

"Be careful, Don Lopez! My gun is loaded, and I shoot straight as a rule."

Again Miguel was subdued and conquered. Pedro, who had until then been a silent witness of the scene, said in Spanish to his master: "Senor Miguel, the struggle is unequal. We can return again."

Taylor, who understood the language, answered him while addressing Lopez:

"I would not advise a return, for this afternoon I will have notices placed all over my ranch forbidding trespassing of any sort, and I shall give my men orders to shoot on sight any one who disregards the warning. How is it, boys?"

"Count on us," came the answer of the cowboys as in one voice.

For a second Miguel hesitated, then taking a sudden resolution he said:

"Very well, if it's war you want, war you shall have, war to a finish, war until death. Mr. Taylor, in spite of your notices I shall come back, and your men will not dare shoot, for I will come with the sheriff of San Diego County, when he comes to arrest Mrs. Lopez for the attempt on my life. Until then au revoir," saying which he leaped into the saddle and made rapidly away, followed by Pedro.

"Shall we go after them?" asked Charley Warren, as the two men were riding away.

"No," answered Taylor. "We must do nothing which would put us in the wrong. Make out the notices, and have the boys put them up, and since things have come to an open pass, tell them the story of Mrs. Lopez's wrongs. It will make them more willing to enforce orders should such become necessary."

"All right, sir," answered the foreman, and Taylor entered the house.

Dolores and Irene, concealed behind the curtains of the kitchen window, had watched the scene which had taken place near the gate.

"Oh, they will kill each other and all through me!" Dolores moaned in fear and agony.

To which Irene replied: "Have no fear. My brother will know how to handle the situation. See, he already has the upper hand."

"But I am the cause of his getting into all this trouble. I know Miguel. He will never forgive or cease his persecution until one or the other is dead."

"Then he had better prepare for death, for my brother will prove too much for him," answered Irene, in splendid loyalty to her brother's courage and ability.

The minute Taylor entered, the two women hastened to him, Irene asking, "What did he want?"

Dolores murmured heart-brokenly, saying: "Can you ever forgive me for making you so much trouble?"

Taylor answered Dolores first, saying: "There is nothing to forgive, Mrs. Lopez. I am doing for you what I would do for any woman in like trouble. I may feel more strongly in this case, more in earnest, but I am guided in my present course as much by a sense of duty as by sentiment. An American man, if he is worthy of that name, does not abandon a defenseless woman."

Then to his sister he continued, "He came to get Mrs. Lopez to return home with him."

"Never!" cried Dolores, in terror, "I'd rather die!"

"You'll have to do neither," smiled Taylor, reassuringly.

"Did he say what he intended doing?" asked Irene.

"Yes, he is going to swear out a warrant for Mrs. Lopez's arrest."

"My arrest!" Dolores' eyes were big with wonder. "Why, what have I done?"

"You tried to kill him," answered Taylor, gently.

"But he did not die!" she cried, with increasing alarm.

"True, but in America the intention is punishment as well as the act."

"Then I must leave at once. They must not find me here. I don't want to be punished. I was justified!" Dolores was in a panic of terror.

"It is because you were justified that you must not go," answered Taylor, trying to calm the frightened woman. "You would be captured if you sought to escape; your husband is wealthy enough to reach you wherever you might go. Better face it now than later, because once away from here I could not protect you as I can now. All you will need to do will be to repeat on the witness stand the story you told us, and you will leave the courtroom a free woman."

"Must I tell them everything I told you?" she asked, her eyes wide with agony.

"Yes."

"Oh!" she fell back in a chair, crushed.

Taylor sat down beside her, and taking her hand in his he talked long and earnestly, showing her that what he advised was the only course open to her, that only thus could she ever be freed from her husband, since after the trial was over, she could immediately apply for a divorce, which would be granted her without difficulty.

"A divorce!" she cried, surprised. "Could I get a divorce? Could it be possible that that accursed marrige be broken?"

"It can and it will be Dolores," answered Taylor, addressing her thus for the first time. "You must face the situation bravely, arm yourself with courage born of your innocence, and walk straight on to freedom and to happiness."

"Would it were possible!" she murmured, half-convinced.

Irene, seeing the justice of her brother's remarks, agreed with him, and the two soon won from Dolores her consent to face trial, should such be demanded of her. Like a ship without a rudder, cast about at the will of the tempest, Dolores' tired soul, so long used to battle alone against fate, welcomed the help of those two loyal hearts as only one made hopeless by adversity could. She let them lead her like a child too crushed to think, too weak to act of her own accord.

CHAPTER IX.

THE TRIAL.

After winning Dolores' consent to face trial, Taylor went out to give his instructions to his men. He found them busy making the notices which were to be placed along the fences, so that should the Mexican return to make trouble, they would have legal right to drive him off the place, peacefully if possible, with their guns if necessary.

"Boys," he asked, "has Charley told you what the trouble is about?"

"Yes, sir," answered the cowboys.

"Well, I come to tell you that Mrs. Lopez has decided to face trial, therefore, if her husband returns with the sheriff, you must not oppose them, letting him serve the warrant. Only you must be ready to accompany the prisoner to San Diego and see that no harm is done her on the road. I am positive I can get her out on bail as soon as we reach San Diego."

"I don't see why we should submit. The boys and I could settle their hash in just five minutes, if you say the word," objected Charley Warren, somewhat disappointed that they should have to give in to the Mexican.

"Bet we can," came from the cowboys.

"I don't doubt it, but I don't think it wise. We cannot go against the laws of the State, in the first place, without getting into trouble ourselves. Besides, a trial, in which Mrs. Lopez can show her husband to be the brute he is, will aid to free her of him legally and forever. Immediately after the trial, she can sue him for divorce, and I'll wager she'll get it, in five minutes, without even the jury leaving the room, if she only repeats the story of her wrongs as she told it to my sister and myself."

"There might be something in what you say," admitted Charley, though it was evident he was disappointed.

"Never mind, Charley," reassured Taylor. "We will have plenty of chance to defend Mrs. Lopez from her husband after the trial and the divorce, for he does not appear to be one who would give up without a struggle. I am looking for more trouble after she is freed than before."

"Well, we'll be ready for him," affirmed the foreman, as the others nodded assent.

Three days later, Miguel, having sworn out a warrant against Dolores, returned with the sheriff of San Diego County to make the arrest. He had tried to have Taylor arrested at the same time, but the district-attorney had not thought the evidence against Taylor sufficient. The only thing one could do would be to hold him as a witness. Then, if the trial brought out enough evidence against him, he could be implicated and arrested.

The sheriff had brought two men with him, Lopez telling him there might be trouble. These, with the Mexican Pedro, made quite a strong attacking party, but their precautions were useless. The minute the sheriff told his errand and showed his star to the young cowboy who watched the outer gate, he opened it for them without a word, riding on ahead to tell Taylor, seeing which, Miguel said to the sheriff:

"Don't give him time to warn them at the house. They may have some means of escape. We must follow him closely."

Acting on the suggestion, the four horsemen followed Lopez's lead, arriving at the ranch house almost as soon as the cowboy. They found Taylor and his foreman with half a dozen cowboys waiting for them in the yard. Though the men were heavily armed, nothing in their manner indicated any intention to fight.

"Mr. Taylor?" asked the sheriff, as he drew rein in the yard.

Taylor advanced, saying: "Anything I can do, sir? My name is Taylor."

"I have a warrant for the arrest of Dolores Lopez, whom I am told is staying here."

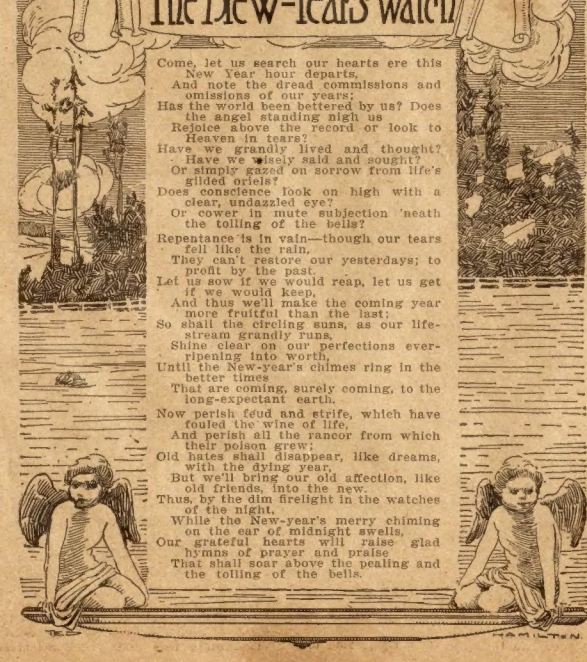
"She is," answered Taylor, much to Lopez's disappointment, he having hoped the young ranchman would try to fight the authorities and thereby get arrested. "If you will step in the house, you can serve the warrant upon her in person."

The sheriff dismounted and went with Taylor to the house. Lopez, trying to follow, was stopped by Charley Warren, who said in tones which brooked no resistance:

"Never mind! He is capable of tending to his business without your assistance."

Lopez bit his lip, as he cast a look of malignant hatred on the young foreman, but he said nothing, mentally recording an oath that some day Warren would pay for his interference.

Dolores, pale but calm in spite of the


The New-Year's Watch
Come, let us search our hearts ere this
New Year hour departs,
And note the dread commissions and
omissions of our years;
Has the world been bettered by us? Does
the angel standing nigh us
Rejoice above the record or look to
Heaven in tears?
Have we grandly lived and thought?
Have we wisely said and sought?
Or simply gazed on sorrow from life's
gilded aisles?
Does conscience look on high with a
clear, undazzled eye?
Or cower in mute subjection 'neath
the tolling of the bells?
Repentance is in vain—though our tears
fall like the rain.
They can't restore our yesterdays; to
profit by the past.
Let us sow if we would reap, let us get
if we would keep,
And thus we'll make the coming year
more fruitful than the last;
So shall the circling suns, as our life-
boat steam grandly runs,
Shine clear on our imperfections ever-
ripening into worth,
Until the New-year's chimes ring in the
better times
That are coming, surely coming, to the
long-expectant earth.
Now perish feud and strife, which have
fouled the wine of life,
And perish all the rancor from which
their poison grew;
Old hates shall disappear, like dreams,
with the dying year,
But we'll bring our old affection, like
old friends, into the new.
Thus, by the dim firelight in the watches
of the night,
While the New-year's merry chiming
on the ear of midnight swells,
Our grateful hearts will raise glad
hymns of prayer and praise
That shall soar above the pealing and
the tolling of the bells.
HAMILTON

affrighted look in her eyes, met the sheriff in the large livingroom of the ranch house. Irene stood beside her, ready to sustain her should her strength fail. The sheriff's first impression of the child-wife was one of surprise, then of pity. He had expected a different type of woman—one whose outward appearance was in keeping with the deed committed. Instead, he saw a mere girl, frail and slight, who looked at him with sad, wistful eyes, which reflected in their somber depths the tragedy of her soul. For a second he stood abashed, then said:

"I have a warrant for your arrest, Mrs. Lopez, and will have to take you back with me to San Diego."

"I am ready to follow, sir," answered Dolores, simply, her lips quivering. "Do you want me to go at once?"

"I believe it is best, if we wish to reach San Diego by tomorrow. I don't want to drive you out, but we must be back as soon as possible."

"We will be ready in five minutes, sir," said Irene. "Have a seat while we change our dresses."

The sheriff sat down while the two women left the room. Turning to Taylor, he remarked: "Why, she is nothing but a child!"

"She has suffered enough to be an old woman," replied Taylor, pleased with the impression Dolores had made on the sheriff, as this assured him that the official would aid him in protecting the young woman should Lopez have planned to kidnap her on the way to San Diego. "My men and I will accompany Mrs. Lopez as far as San Diego, in case you need extra help to defend her," he announced after a silence.

"Defend her from what?" asked the sheriff in amazement.

"From her husband," answered Taylor. "He is just the sort of man who would prefer to take her from you to enjoy a private revenge rather than run the risk of a public vindication of his victim."

"He had better not try that trick with me!" frowned the sheriff, who had little use for the Mexican, now that he had seen Dolores, guessing that in the attempted murder the little woman had been as much a victim as the one she had tried to kill.

The two girls returned at this moment dressed for the long ride to San Diego, Irene carrying a change of clothing for the two in a small suitcase. Dolores' face was covered by a heavy veil as she entered, but this she lifted as she advanced to the sheriff, who had risen at their entry.

"I have just one boon to ask of you, sir," she pleaded, with a quiver of emotion in her voice.

"If it is possible to grant it, I shall only be too glad to do so, but I wish you to remember that today I am an officer of the law, not a private citizen."

"I know," she hastened to assure him, "and I do not intend asking anything an officer could not grant. All I want is that you do not force me to ride near my husband. Keep me by your side all the time, away from him. I am so afraid of him," she admitted timorously, her eyes large with fear, her lips white and trembling. "I saw him in the yard just now, and the look on his face tells me I need not expect any quarter if I again fall into his hands."

"I'll see that you don't," grimly answered the sheriff. "Your wish shall be respected. I will see to that."

"Then, sir, I am ready to follow you," meekly said Dolores, as she lowered her veil.

The four stepped out into the yard where they found horses awaiting them. Taylor having given orders to have them saddled before entering the house. When Miguel caught sight of his wife, a shiver of hatred and love combined passed over him, his swarthy face turning a dead white. He advanced two steps, but was forced to pause as Charley Warren stepped before him, looking him squarely in the eye with such an expression that Lopez understood he was being closely watched, and that Dolores had secured protectors who were ready to defend her with their lives. Dolores, upon seeing her husband, had started back frightened, noticing which, the sheriff had taken her gently by the arm, saying in an aside:

"Have no fear, madam, you are with gentlemen."

Thus reassured, Dolores allowed herself to be assisted to her horse, Irene lightly leaping on hers without assistance. The sheriff then turned to his men with the order:

"Ride on ahead, boys, with Don Lopez. I will follow with the prisoner, and Mr. Taylor and his men will form the rear guard."

Lopez bit his lip, understanding the import of the order, but he said nothing, realizing that the odds were too great for him to rebel. He mounted his horse and started out ahead with Pedro and the men, Warren, on a gesture from Taylor, joining them, saying to the Mexican as he rode beside him:

"Hope you don't obj ct to my joining your party?"

Miguel gave him an evil glance, but said nothing, though his hand went in an almost unconscious gesture toward his hip pocket, which caused Warren to add, with a sneer:

"My gun is loaded, and I have learned to shoot without removing it."

Thus they rode on to San Diego, stopping for the night at a ranch located about half way. Lopez was more the prisoner than the young woman he had caused to be arrested, for everybody in the party watched every one of his movements. Though filled with an ever-growing rage, he felt he was powerless, therefore he attempted nothing, though it had been his intention to take Dolores from the sheriff, and avenge himself as he saw fit when once he had crossed with his victim into Mexico.

Taylor was able to bail Dolores out almost immediately; then, guessing how the anxiety of waiting would weigh upon the young woman's sensitive soul, he brought all of his influence to bear on an immediate trial. The court having just convened, he was able to gain his point, the trial of the People vs. Dolores Martinez Lopez being set for a date three weeks later than the arrest. The story of the crime and what had led up to it having got in the papers, the case created unusual attention, so that on the day of the opening of the trial the courtroom was crowded with eager spectators.

Miguel, with the star witnesses for the prosecution, Ramona and Pedro, arrived first, with the district attorney. Then came Dolores, still accompanied by Irene, who had been more than a sister to her, and by Taylor still escorted by his six cowboys and their foreman, their picturesque clothes and handy six-shooters giving a dash of color to the staid courtroom of the new civilization, which is, alas, so rapidly driving away those dashing boys of the plains, who in spite of their faults, or it may be because of them, can never be replaced or equaled.

After the tedious work of selecting a jury, each side fighting for the interest of its cause in the selection of every man, and using all of the challenges until a new panel had to be called, the trial proper began.

Ramona was first called to the stand, and with the aid of an interpreter was able to tell all she knew of the wouldbe tragedy and what had led up to it. But in her eagerness to have Dolores punished, she overreached herself, it becoming evident to the least prejudiced that she spoke in a spirit of hatred and revenge, thereby destroying on the jury's mind the effect of her words. The same was true of Pedro, though in a lesser degree. Then came Miguel.

His hard, cruel face from the first did not impress any one in his favor. He was just the type of man the general public despises—the smooth, sleek villain of the gentleman type. He answered the district attorney's questions in the fewest possible words, and when he was asked to describe the crime, he did so briefly and to the point. When he was finally turned over to the defense for cross-examination, the first question of Dolores' attorney was:

"Are you sure you told the jury everything about the attempt on your life?"

"Yes, sir, as far as I can remember."

"Is it not a fact that at the time Mrs. Lopez struck you, you were horsewhipping her?"

A stir of indignation passed over the courtroom at this question, as all eyes turned toward the slight, frail figure of the defendant, with her sad girlish face from which neither trials nor trouble had been able to chase the bloom of youth.

"I may have threatened to do so, being angry at her refusal to tell me her lover's name," answered Miguel, viciously.

"You well know the man could not have been her lover, since your servants both swore she was not out of their sight a second."

"Except when they slept," retorted Miguel, with evident malice, which hurt rather than helped his case.

"Isn't it a fact that you struck her several times with your riding whip?"

"I don't remember, I may have done so in the excitement of the moment," finally admitted Lopez.

"That will do. You can take your seat," said the attorney, having gained his point.

On the third day of the trial Dolores was called to testify in her own behalf, Taylor having already testified as to his purely friendly part, and the doctor who had attended Dolores having testified that when he had first examined the defendant he had found across the neck and shoulders deep bruises which could very well have been caused by a whip. This testimony Irene and the old Mexican housekeeper of the ranch corroborated by their own statement as to the young woman's condition when she first came to them.

Dolores took her place on the witness stand, and immediately a wave of sympathy surged over the audience as well as over the jury. She evidently was so young, so refined, so frail, that it was impossible to connect her with an intentional crime.

"How old are you?" was her attorney's first question.

"Eighteen," she answered, her voice weak with emotion, her eyes downcast, her bosom heaving.

"How long have you been married?"

"Over five years."

A murmur of surprise and sympathy ran over the courtroom, seeing which the district attorney rose, saying: "I object."

For over five minutes the two lawyers fought for their points. Then, the judge deciding against the defense, Dolores' attorney turned again to the witness, saying gently:

"You can then tell us your version of your attempt on your husband's life."

She looked for a second, her glance sweeping over the sea of faces before her. Then, with downcast eyes, she told her story simply and to the point, without detours or anger. She bared her heart and soul in an almost childish trust, telling of her sufferings, her terrors, her revolts, since that ill-fated day when a heartless stepmother had sold her into bondage. She did not seek for sympathy, yet every heart was full of pity. She did not attempt to play upon the feelings of her audience, yet more than one eye was moist with tears. She was so pitifully young and frail, a child-woman with an angel face. The cross-examination, though severe and lasting for hours, could in no way change her story. She had told the simple truth; there was no changing it.

When the case went to the jury, they remained out but five minutes, returning a verdict of acquittal. American men could not side in with a husband who horsewhipped his wife. A storm of applause greeted the verdict, the bailiff having some difficulty in silencing the demonstration.

When Dolores, somewhat dazed and surprised, was led from the courtroom by Taylor and his sister, she was surprised that men and women crowded around her, congratulating her, saying she had done well to rebel against her husband's abuse. Timid, still under the strain of what she had been through, Dolores looked pleadingly toward Taylor, who, understanding, said to those who still crowded around her:

"Mrs. Lopez is worn out and must have rest. I don't think she can stand much more."

The crowd parted, and Dolores was allowed to leave the courtroom, followed by her faithful escorts, the most talked of and the most pitied woman in southern California.

This strange story leads to very extraordinary situations and dramatic episodes. The reader will find it eminently worth reading to the end. Next week's Ledger will contain further chapters of it. The surest way to get the Ledger is to subscribe for it and have it come to your home regularly. Today is a good time to attend to this.

A Hasty Prescription.

The late Sir Andrew Clarke was so ardent in his crusade against overeating and overdrinking, and so firm in his belief that in a large majority of cases diet would do far more than drugs, that he was a little too much inclined to take it for granted that his patients were self-indulgent to the ruin of their health. Among the many anecdotes to which his views gave rise, the following is one of the most amusing:

A patient came to consult him, and was at once overwhelmed with directions on the subject of the life he should lead and the diet to which he should adhere. "Now, remember, only one glass of wine at each meal," the physician concluded, "and just one cigar after dinner won't hurt you. Good morning. Be sure you keep strictly to one cigar."

"One cigar!" said the patient. "But——"

"My dear sir," broke in Sir Andrew somewhat testily, "I must insist. If I am to treat you, you must follow my directions. I know quite well you will find it hard, but it is absolutely necessary for your health."

The patient heaved a deep sigh. "All right, Sir Andrew. Since you insist, I will do my best. Good morning."

He went his way; but his health did not improve, and at the end of a few weeks he returned to the physician's consulting room.

"No better?" said the doctor, surprised. "But have you followed all my directions?"

"Absolutely," replied the visitor. "I must admit that the cigar was rather hard work at first, and in fact it made me feel ill, but I soon got used to it, and now I rather like it."

"Good heavens!" said Sir Andrew, on whom the truth dawned; "do you mean to tell me——"

"Yes, I had never smoked before."

Sympathy.

David R. Forgan, the Chicago banker, has a dry Scotch humor. Speaking of the danger of being puffed up by sudden honor, Mr. Forgan told this story of Simpson, the great Scotch physician:

"Doctor Simpson had been absent from his class for some time, and on his return he announced that a great professional honor had been conferred upon him," said Mr. Forgan.

"'I am very happy to inform you young gentlemen that a very great honor has come to me since last we met here,' Professor Simpson said, his face beaming with honest pride. 'I have been appointed physician-in-ordinary to her majesty Queen Victoria.'

"The great discoverer of chloroform looked over his glasses as if he expected his class to be quite taken away by the great news. Instead, he was shocked to hear those Scotch boys burst into the national anthem, 'God Save the Queen!'"

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MR. AND MRS. MOON

25x2=TROUBLE, SAYS TIM

By W. BERT FOSTER

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"A SILVER wedding, is it?" Mr. Timothy Moon removed the T. D. from his lips, expelled an astonished cloud of smoke, and demanded explosively of the large and lymphatic lady who had shared his bed and board for nearly a quarter of a century:

"What do we want of a silver wedding, I dunno? Wasn't one wedding enough for us? Sure, Mahala, I couldn't feel any more married than I do now," he concluded, rather despondently.

"Why, don't you know, Timmie," she asked, swinging back and forth in the rocker with a vigor that made the springs creak, "that when folks is married like us for twenty-five years, they celebrate by having a silver wedding?"

"Huh! they do? 'Tis no day to celebrate," declared Timothy, gloomily. "Two fools an' twenty-five years! Twenty-five times two equals trouble—'tis an easy sum for ye, an' 'tis the sum and substance of our married life, Mahala."

"And shame to you for that word, Timothy Moon!" rejoined his better half—and a good deal better than half she appeared, for Timothy was a short, bandy-legged man, almost as square built as a brick. "Shame to you! The years I've put up with your failings—your carousin' an' divil's didoes——"

"Such as workin' both day and night shifts on the old Blue Blazes; and bringin' home me pay-envelope like a trained dog that's been taught ter fetch and carry. Yah!" ejaculated Mr. Moon. "And now it's buyin' silver you want me to be, heh? Since me Uncle Roderick, in the old country, died forgetful, and didn't will his property away from his relations, and I come in for me slice, you'd think, ter hear ye talk, woman, that we was made of money.

"Ain't ye got enough fallals cluttering up the house?" pursued the old lighterman, waxing warmer. "With them lace curtains in the front winders to tangle up a man's laigs when he wants to put his heels on the sill; and tidies and the like on the only comfortable chairs in the house—though, thanks be, I've got the best of them," he added, with a reminiscent grin; "and what ye call a jardnigher to put a bunch of geraniums in—with sil of them gewgaws, Mahala, I'd think ye had enough. Tell me, now, why should we buy silver? And I suppose we'd be havin' folks here, and feedin' of 'em, and givin' them silver, too? If a silver weddin' is ter celebrate, I ain't feelin' so bloomin' much like celebratin' as all that!"

"How foolish you're talkin', Timmie," said his wife, quite undisturbed by his railing. "It's your ignorance you show. We don't give presents at our silver wedding. Other folks will give presents to us."

Timothy removed the pipe from his mouth again and looked interested. "You don't say so, now," he murmured.

"Silver presents," said Mrs. Moon, riveting the idea in her husband's mind.

"And who'd give us silver plate?" demanded Tim, with some scorn.

"Why, we've friends enough, I hope," declared Mrs. Moon, bridling. "No thanks to you, Timothy Moon, for you never go anywhere but to Riley's, or to church to do your yearly penance. But I don't insult people by not callin' on them."

"Sure. I know ye're a gadabout," responded Timothy, philosophically sucking on his pipe.

But Mrs. Moon had an object in view, and she would not be put off or led into byways of connubial bickering. "There's the MacMasters," she said. "They was at our weddin'—d'ye remember, Timmie?"

"Sure. Old Mac was drunk as a fiddler."

"They've always been friends to us."

"And would be as long as there's a bottle in our cupboard," rejoined Timothy.

"They should be able to make us a nice present, Timothy," said his wife, with confidence.

"Heh? Why, old Mac's kept the silver three-cint-piece his godfather, old Pat MacMasters, give him on his confirmation. Give away silver, is it, Mahala? That form of insanity never ran in that family, take my word for it!"

But like other people of a single idea, Mrs. Moon was prepared to override obstacles and ignore derision for her cause. She enumerated a list of their friends and acquaintances whom she proposed to invite to the twenty-fifth anniversary in question. As the number increased, Timothy's eyes grew big.

"Sure," he said, wagging his head, "I didn't know there was such a bunch of 'em. It'll take a mort of money to furnish food and drink for 'em."

"But all that come will bring us some little remembrance—and everything but silver is barred," said Mrs. Moon, with a display of shrewdness quite amazing in one of so dull a wit.

"D'ye say so, now?"

"They wouldn't dare come without," she said, tossing her head. "And the catering needn't cost so much."

"The what?" demanded Timothy. "Ain't it enough to feed 'em and supply the drink——"

"That's what I mean, Timmie," interrupted the lady, meekly. "Catering is what they do be callin' of it."

"Is that so?" he snapped, for her new-fangled phrases always rubbed him on the raw. "All the caterin' folks ever got in this house was when I floated the duck down to Riley's, an' ye spread 'em a Dutch lunch from the delicatessen shop."

"But this is somethin' special," urged the lady. "There's storekeepers that do be furnishing the whole thing for so much a plate."

"So much a plate, is it?" grunted Timothy, in a fog of novel ideas. "And what does the grub cost to put on the plates—and ain't yer own chinnyware good enough?"

"They furnish their own plates and the food for so much a head, Timmie," explained Mrs. Moon, with patience.

"For how much?" demanded the practical Timothy.

"It's accordin' to how fancy a collation you want to give the company," said his wife, primly.

Timothy blinked over the unfamiliar "collation," but continued to soak in knowledge: "And who's these felleys that youse call caterers?"

"There's one right around the corner," said his wife, eagerly; "and he's cheap—Paolo Michell. These French and Eyetalians are the finest kind of caterers, Timmie."

"Paolo Michell?" grunted Mr. Moon. Then he took his pipe from his lips, blew a cloud of smoke, and demanded: "Is it Dago Mike, ye mean—the wop that keeps the ice cream pop around on the averner, Mahala?"

"Oh, but Timmie! he's expanded his business——"

"And his name," grunted Mr. Moon. "He's poisoned half the kids in the neighborhood with hokey-pokey. I know him. So he calls himself a caterer now, does he? Well, I could call him worse than that, and be within the bounds of truth."

However, although he was an obstructionist by profession, Mr. Moon let his lady have her own sweet will in the matter of the silver wedding. Indeed, she managed to invest the celebration with so many possibilities of gain for themselves, that the frugal Timothy began to figure how old he'd be when his golden wedding came around, and if enough of his friends would be alive then to make a second celebration "worth his while."

Mrs. Moon insisted on having invitations printed—engraved in script, if you please, and inclosed in double envelopes! —and sent by mail; but Timothy circulated news of the forthcoming anniversary celebration by word of mouth.

Tales of the silver wedding of Timothy Moon went up and down the water-front, and it was talked of in Hoboken and on the Jersey City docks, and not a canal-boat captain tying up in the Erie basin, nor any of the bargemen about the Bush stores, but knew all about it.

The captain and crew of the Blue Blazes subscribed a liberal part of their pay-envelopes for a present, and Big Jim, the stevedore, was made a committee of one to purchase the same.

Wherever he went and spoke of the celebration, the shrewd Timothy mentioned the fact that any but silver presents were barred at the forthcoming event. Big Jim had something like forty dollars to put into silver, and he did it—he bought the biggest and most ornate champagne bucket he could find. It was one of the first presents to arrive at the little flat over the doctor's shop in Kay street—and it created some excitement.

"Now what in the divil is that, I dunno?" grunted Timothy, eying the frosted cooler askance. "'Tis too big fer a spittoon, though 'twould come handy ter have another wan. If there was a bail on the domned thing 'twould make an elegant growler."

"Shame to ye, Timothy Moon!" ejaculated his wife. "Your ignorance would be the death of ye, if ever it struck in! A growler, indade!"

"'Twould make a fine growler."

"Tell me now, woman," said Timothy, glaring at her, "what the divil use is a silver bucket like that—less ye pawn it at the hock-shop?"

Mrs. Moon was fain to hesitate a mite. To tell the truth, the utility of the champagne cooler puzzled even her fertile mind. But she would not be feazed by almost the first gift that arrived, so, with a toss of her head, she declared:

"'Twill be a fine thing to put a bit of a flower-pot in, with ivy and the like growin' out of it. They're very fashionable."

"What?" yelled Timothy, "is it another flower-pot—wan o' them jard-nigh-ers—the gang on the old Blue Blazes has sent up here? And Big Jim Buchanan at the head of 'em. I'll—I'll——"

Words failed Mr. Moon, but his rage was not cooled until he had it out the next day with Big Jim in the dim-lit hold of the lighter. Timothy brought back a black eye and the embryo of a cauliflower ear, but had likewise the glow of satisfaction in his heart resulting from the knowledge that the man who had squandered the good money of the Blue Blazes' crew was forced to go to the dispensary to have three stitches taken in his lip, and could likewise go Timothy one better in the number of black eyes!

"What the divil good is wan o' them things to us?" grunted Timothy, eying the huge cooler with disgust. "And Riley was tellin' me that the stuff they do be freezin' in 'em costs two dollars a pint, an' that 'twon't go so far among friends as a pint of beer at ten cents!"

The bulk of the silver pieces, however, could not fail finally to pacify Timothy to some extent. Besides, there were other gifts arriving each day, and the old lighterman hurried home at evening with some interest in the day's arrivals.

Jinny and her husband had responded promptly, and Mrs. Moon unpacked from the silversmith's pink cotton and displayed proudly to her husband a squatty little teapot with a cupid for a handle. But Mr. Moon was critical.

"And that's the best Jinny could do, is it?" he demanded. "A dinky little tay-pot like that—'tis scarcely big enough to hold a drink for the naked baby they do be puttin' on the lid of it. If I've got to drink tay, I want enough of it to roll around under me tongue and taste. Huh!"

He looked with more favor upon the gift from Bob and his wife. This was a butter dish and knife. Timothy owned the utility of the dish; but he pointed out—and with some argument on his side—that the dish would be worn thin with use while the knife remained in its pristine state of newness.

But he appreciated to the full the present that the gang at Riley's clubbed in to buy. It was a silver-mounted pipe—and Timothy never yet had set his teeth upon anything but the stem of a T. D.!

"There's an ornyment for ye!" he grunted. "Ye can tie a ribbon bow ter that, Mahala, and hang it up over the parlor mantel. That pipe Riley won at a Duch schutzenfest, I'll be bound, and he's palmed it off on the gang. 'Tis no wonder that Mick is gettin' rich."

There were the usual repetitions in the gifts, including three silver finger bowls, out of which Timothy objected to drinking his matutinal coffee because they had no handles. There were enough sugar spoons to supply half a dozen families, and the Hebrew storekeeper on the corner, with whom Mrs. Moon had traded for years, sent in a dozen silver thimbles, assorted sizes, that he had in stock and could not sell.

But what stumped both the Moons—even the lady herself admitted her surprise—was the gift sent up by the young doctor below, who was now gaining practice and had some reason for being grateful to the lighterman and his good wife.

It was a small flat jeweler's box Mrs. Moon opened, reposing in which were six shiny, sharply pointed instruments, the like of which Timothy thought he had seen below stairs in the doctor's surgical case.

"Now, what do ye think o' that?" he muttered. "We'd never have boils enough to make use of all them lances—would we now?"

Mrs. Moon could not believe that her husband had guessed the correct use of the implements, nor was the mystery of the nutpicks explained until Jinny came to call and view the gifts already spread out upon the parlor sofa.

And a heterogeneous collection they were. But, in the end, they were the visible representation of kindly feelings. Timothy and his wife, although continually bickering between themselves, showed their spineless side to other folks, and they had made a host of humble friends during the twenty-five years of their married life.

Many from whom the optimistic Mrs. Moon expected no acknowledgment of her invitation, sent little remembrances that hushed even the critical tongue of Timothy. The Widow Barrett had never forgotten the kindness of the Moons when her son broke his leg and could not work for two months, and she sent the single heirloom of value which she possessed—an old-fashioned pair of sugar-tongs. A like present—a battered solid silver candlestick that a collector of antiques would have been glad to own—came from the mother of a boy that Timothy had saved from jail by getting a berth for him on an outgoing freight ship.

These offset several old spoons which bore the earmarks of having come into the possession of the givers by the purchase of a package of breakfast food, or through the barter of certain "trading stamps."

However, taken by and large, the response to the invitation was eminently satisfactory, even to Timothy. He sucked harder on his pipe at the mention of the price "Dago Mike" was to have per head for serving the company expected, but said nothing. And he agreed to be fitted to a new coat in honor of the occasion.

But when Mrs. Moon, desiring to display the best her closet afforded, suggested wearing the widow's weeds which she had purchased on a certain very serious occasion and which she laid away carefully in the bureau drawer when her spouse had appeared as from the grave, Timothy went up in the air.

"Divil a wan o' them black rags will ye wear till I'm well under the sod, Mahala!" he declared, in conclusion. "And it's a heavy stone we'd best put a-top of me ter hold me down. 'Tis the Moons was always a har-rd family ter keep quiet, even after the priest had said the last word over them."

But the lagging foot of Time brought

(Continued on page thirteen.)

A Detective Pirate;

Or, LOVE AND ALASKAN GOLD

By Philip R. Kellar

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CHAPTER XI.

SO QUIETLY and effectively did the conspirators work, and so convincing were the specious pleas of Norton, that all of the crew were won over before six o'clock. Norton and Tomkins attended to these details, leaving Barton to steer the Anna May westward instead of to the north. Bascam's assistant, who had long been jealous of the chief engineer, readily consented to join the mutiny, and his action relieved the conspirators of a great deal of anxiety, since neither of the three knew enough about the boat's machinery to operate it without danger. The seeds of discontent which Tomkins and Barton had been sowing since their departure from San Francisco made their work easier than they had anticipated. Norton's clever persuasions to show the lack of risk made their conversion complete. The men did not dislike Captain Arnold, and all insisted that neither he nor Isabel should be hurt.

Brown, the assistant engineer, increased the speed of the engines, and the Anna May was pushing along at nearly fifteen knots.

"I can keep her at this speed for five thousand miles without stopping," Brown explained. "There's plenty of coal."

There only remained Jarden, bound and helpless in the galley, and Captain Arnold, Bascam, Murdock, and Isabel in the cabin.

"We're ten to three," said Norton, as he and Jimmy rejoined Barton, "and if we can't handle those three we ought to be shot."

"We will be shot if we don't handle 'em," replied Knotty, with a grin.

"You boys be careful how you handle those automatic pistols," warned Norton. "We don't want to kill anybody unless it cannot possibly be helped. Lucky I was able to buy 'em in Seattle."

Norton drew his pistol from his pocket and started to explain its workings. Jimmy pulled out his to compare them. Barton growlingly warned them to "stow 'em" but Norton laughingly replied that there was no danger. Barton happened to glance over his shoulder just in time to see the startled face of the quartermaster peering at them. Murdock was climbing to the pilot-house. He disappeared as suddenly as if he had dropped down the stairs.

"There," Knotty cried, "see what you've done! Hurry now, both of you, and catch Murdock before he gets to the Captain."

They scrambled down, but were a moment too late. Murdock had entered the Captain's cabin and was just closing the door when Norton and Tomkins reached it. Norton made an ineffectual effort to keep it open by thrusting his foot between it and the jamb. They heard the gruff voice of Captain Arnold demanding to know what the trouble was. They heard the excited Murdock explain as follows:

"Barton's got the wheel. Norton and Tomkins, armed were with him. When they saw me they started after me. It's mutiny!"

"Did they say anything?"

"No—I didn't wait."

"You're—a—a—fool, Murdock."

"They're at the door now," the quartermaster replied. "You can talk with them."

"Hello, Norton—Tomkins!" Arnold called. "What's the matter?"

"Nothing, Captain," Norton answered, with a soft laugh. "We just wanted to show Mr. Murdock a couple of automatic pistols I bought yesterday. I guess he thought we were pirates."

"There, Murdock," the Captain exclaimed, "I said you were a fool! Get on out of here and let me sleep another hour."

"Yes, come on, Mr. Murdock," Norton called; "you never saw anything like these machine revolvers. Why, you could kill ten men with one of them in ten seconds."

Isabel appeared from her cabin and wanted to know what the excitement was about.

"Just a little toy," replied Norton, "we wanted to show Mr. Murdock, but he was afraid we wanted to eat him alive. It's a new kind of pistol. See?"

"Isn't it funny-looking," exclaimed Isabel. "How does it work?"

"Why," Norton answered, "you just press the butt—so—and pull the trigger, and it shoots and keeps on shooting till you stop pulling. It's a miniature machine gun."

Murdock, reassurred by the sound of her voice, had emerged from the Captain's cabin, and was an interested onlooker. The four moved out of the passageway onto the deck.

"It's such a queer-looking thing," Isabel repeated. She reached out and took the weapon from Norton's half-unwilling hand. "Doesn't feel at all like a pistol." She turned and walked to the rail.

"Careful, Miss Arnold!" Norton cried.

"Oh, yes, I am familiar with firearms," she smiled.

Norton started to follow her, but restrained his impulse and began talking with Murdock, explaining in detail the working of the automatic, while Tomkins, holding the other weapon, gradually worked around to the quartermaster's back. Isabel was so intent on examining the pistol that she paid no attention to

She cried out in pain.

the little group, until an exclamation from Murdock startled her.

"Why, where are we going?" he cried. "We're away off our course!"

Norton stepped closer to him. "We're going where we want to go." He spoke with such an air of quiet conviction and determination that the quartermaster involuntarily recoiled. "And if you know what's best for you you'll not say a word, but come along with me and Tomkins."

"I'll be——"

The muzzle of the automatic in Tomkins' hand, pressed between his shoulder blades, brought his defiance to a sudden end. "Better be quiet," Tomkins warned.

"Tomkins," Isabel's clear voice rang out like a bell, "this pistol is pointing right at you, and I'll pull the trigger if you don't lift both your hands immediately." Tomkins started. "Immediately, I said!" Isabel called insistently.

"If you shoot him," Norton said, "the shock will cause him to pull the trigger and you'll kill two men, Miss Arnold."

"Perhaps," she kept up wonderfully, "but there would be one less scoundrel left to deal with. Mr. Murdock, you can go back to the cabin—Daddy's cabin."

"If he moves he's a dead man," Jimmy growled.

"If you move you'll be a dead man," Isabel retorted.

"Come," Norton's laugh was not very spontaneous, "we've carried this joke far enough." He started towards Isabel, his hand held out. "Please return my plaything, Miss Arnold, and I'll promise not to scare any more of your father's brave sailors."

Isabel did not move. Her lip curled slightly, and her eyes looked determined.

"No, I think I'll keep it—as a keepsake."

As they looked at each other Tomkins lowered his weapon, and Murdock sidled toward the cabin entrance. He darted in when within reach and Isabel laughed curtly:

"That's better. Now, Mr. Norton, you and Tomkins can walk towards the stern. I prefer to have you in front of me."

"All right," Norton continued his efforts to appear amused. "I didn't know we had an Amazon aboard."

"Tomkins," she said, ignoring the taunt, "you might drop your weapon on deck, and I'll pick it up as I pass."

"No, you don't" Norton cried, snatching the pistol from Jimmy, "that's carrying a joke too far."

"Drop it!" Isabel commanded.

"No," Norton replied quietly, "I want it."

"I'll shoot!" She stamped her foot.

"No you won't," Norton laughed. "You can't. In the first place you haven't the heart to shoot a man; and in the second place you don't know how—you haven't released the safety clutch on that gun."

Isabel stared at the weapon, and Norton took advantage of the opportunity to dart around the cabin wall, dragging Tomkins with him.

Aroused by his mocking laugh, Isabel moved toward the door, calling to Murdock:

"Mr. Murdock, go tell Mr. Bascam there's a mutiny, and have him go to the Captain's cabin at once—and Mr. Jarden, too."

"I'll tell Jarden," Norton called. "He's waiting anxiously to hear what we've done."

"I—I don't believe it!" Isabel stammered.

Bascam appeared at that instant, and the girl staggered through the doorway and fell against the wall. Before either of the men could catch her she crumpled up and sank to the floor, unconscious.

Norton, peeping around the wall, saw the weapon fly from her hand and fall just outside the threshold. Murdock, leaving Bascam to look after Isabel, reached for it, but his hand halted when Norton called out: "Easy there, Murdock! Let that alone!"

The quartermaster started back, and daunted by the pistol in Norton's hand dashed inside and slammed the door shut.

"All right," Norton laughed, "you stay in there—all of you. The first one that comes out is promised a leaden reception, with Tomkins acting as host."

(Continued on page eight.)

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(Continued from page seven.)

CHAPTER XII.

All morning, until nearly noon, Captain Arnold raged in the cabin. Through the port window he saw Victoria in the distance, as they steamed past it through the Strait toward the Pacific Ocean and away from his destination. Once he opened the door to rush out and have it out with the mutineers, but stopped when Tomkins, leering maliciously, held the automatic pistol pointed at him.

"Guess you'd better go a little slow, Captain," said Jimmy. "This gun's mighty light on the trigger."

"You—you——" Arnold spluttered.

"Better save your breath," Tomkins mocked, "and talk with Mr. Norton and Mr. Jarden—I mean Penrose."

"Where are the scoundrels?" the Captain demanded.

"Oh, they're attending to some little business. They'll be back about noon. Told me to tell you if you got impatient, they'd talk to you then."

The Captain slammed the door and retired to his own room. Jimmy called a sailor and had him cover with wide boards the cabin windows overlooking the deck. When Arnold discovered this it made him more furious.

"This comes of listening to you, Isabel," he said savagely: "If it hadn't been for you I'd have left this Penrose-Jarden, or whatever his name is, at Seattle."

"Daddy," she was hurt, "now don't try to blame it on me."

"You know," he retorted, "that I kept him just because you were interested in him."

"You kept him because you wanted to," Isabel replied. "If you thought my wishes had anything to do with it you were entirely mistaken. I'm not interested in him—not at all."

"You can't deny you were," the Captain almost smiled, "and don't try it, Isabel. I reckon we'll both have to admit we were badly taken in by him—and he seemed such a pleasant fellow, too."

They heard Tomkins and Norton talking outside and Arnold called out: "Say, Norton, are you going to starve us? We haven't had anything to eat today."

"No—not exactly," Norton answered. "We'll give you some food just as soon as you come to our terms."

"Terms?" the Captain snorted. "I'll put you all in irons and send you to prison, if not the scaffold!"

"You're talking mighty big," Norton laughed, "but I expect Captain Jarden—he's captain of the ship now, you know—will have something to say about that."

"Where is Mr. Pen—Jarden?" Isabel asked.

"He and Knotty are marking out the new course," Norton chuckled. "You didn't know when they were cementing their friendship by fighting last night, what they'd be doing next, did you?"

"I'm hungry," Arnold spoke crossly.

"Our terms will not be harsh, Mr. Arnold," answered Norton. "We've got the upper hand, of course, and can do as we please, but we do not want to harm any of you. You are all to remain in the cabin until you have our permission to come out; you are to let us have the log, so we can keep the record as it should be kept."

"Won't do it!" the Captain snapped.

"How long do you expect to keep us prisoners?" Isabel asked.

"Maybe not very long, though Captain Jarden hasn't decided that yet. You see, Miss Arnold," Norton's voice took on a confidential tone, "he's rather left that matter in my hands, so far as it concerns you—that was the bargain when he took command. I think he hopes to let your father and Bascam and Murdock off somewhere on the coast of British Columbia, if he can do it without risking being caught before we find the North Star. We expect to put into some uninhabited inlet and fix up the boat a bit."

"Fix it up? How? This boat's all right!" Captain Arnold bristled at the suggestion that anything was wrong with the Anna May.

"Oh, yes, she's all right," Norton laughed, "but you see we want to have a clean record. We're going to rig up a mast and haul out that old sail, and turn her back into an auxiliary steamship, paint her, remove the bow figure, and make her look like something else. Then after we've relieved the North Star of her gold, the converted steamer will disappear and the old Anna May will reappear, and she'll have a complete record in her log book. See why we must have the log?"

"We'll inform on you."

"No, you won't, Mr. Arnold," retorted Norton, "for if you do every one of us will swear you were in the conspiracy, and just had us land you so you would have an alibi."

"You cannot have the log," Arnold thundered, "not if we never get a bite!"

"Then I'll have to turn the matter over to Captain Jarden."

"I don't believe you've won all my men away from me," Arnold growled.

"I see," Norton laughed, "that we'll have to give you further proof—though it seems to me you've had enough to convince any reasonable man."

Half an hour later Norton rapped on the door and told the Captain that the demonstration of power had been prepared.

"I'll have the board removed from the window and let you see your men lined up waiting orders from us. It may not be a pleasant sight, but it ought to be convincing." He laughed. "I feel like a stage manager. You get before the windows with the others, I'll prepare the scene then we'll draw the curtain."

There was a scuffling of feet, and at Norton's word Chin removed the boards and stepped back into the line just behind Jarden, Norton, and Barton. The mate was between the two, and all were a step in advance of the line of four sailors and the cook. Barton and Norton were each armed with an automatic; the Chinaman held his murderous-looking carving knife. The four faces framed in the window stared at the sight. Jarden, half-smiling, greeted them with a nod, giving Captain Arnold look for look, but keeping his eyes turned away from Isabel's scornful glances.

"We'd have the other two here, Mr. Arnold," Norton explained, "but Tomkins has the wheel and Mr. Brown is looking after the engines. You know Jimmy is with us, and you'll have to believe us when he tell you that Brown is."

"Why don't you let your leader talk?" the Captain demanded.

"He will when you are ready to be sensible," replied Norton. "Tell him, Captain," Norton touched Jarden's arm lightly.

"Are you ready to give us the log," Jarden said quietly "and promise not to try to cause any trouble if we'll not molest you?"

"Mr. Penrose," Captain Arnold thundered, "you go right up to the wheel-house and put this boat on her right course, and then report to me."

"Draw the curtain, Knotty," Norton cried. "Mr. Arnold, you'll get some food when you are ready to admit you're beaten. You can call us when that time comes."

"That's all, men," Jarden spoke to the sailors, "you can go back to your work."

They scattered. Jarden stalked towards the galley door, with the cook behind him, and when they had disappeared Barton replaced the boards before the window.

"Well, daughter," the Captain almost sighed, "it looks as if we were in for it for sure. And I thought Penrose or Jarden was such a pleasant fellow."

"I wish you wouldn't mention him again to me," the girl snapped. "I hate him!"

CHAPTER XIII.

After sunset Captain Arnold, worn out by his fruitless pacing back and forth in their prison, frustrated by his inability to devise a plan that promised success, called to the sailor on guard that he wanted to see Jarden. The sailor called Norton, and Arnold repeated his demand.

"Tell Jarden to come here," he grumbled, "I want to see him."

"Captain Jarden, you mean?" asked Norton.

"I mean your cutthroat of a leader!"

"Daddy," cautioned Isabel, "you know we can't gain anything by talking that way."

"I'll see Captain Jarden," Norton answered, "though I think he's taking a nap and will not wish to be disturbed."

The Captain swore as Norton went away chuckling. He was still mentally swearing when Norton returned in a few minutes and reported:

"Captain Jarden says he is too busy to bother with you now unless you are ready to surrender the log, with no entries in it since midnight."

"Tell him you are, Daddy, Isabel urged, "I'm famished, and it cannot do any harm."

"Yes," Arnold spoke reluctantly, "I'll give up the log, but we must have food at once."

"I'll tell Captain Jarden," replied Norton.

He returned after another long five minutes. "Captain Jarden says," he reported, "that if you will send him the log with a clear statement of your terms of surrender, by Miss Arnold, he will consider them, and if they are acceptable will have food sent to you at once."

"And let my daughter stay in the hands of you scoundrels!" Arnold roared. "You can tell Jarden that he and all the rest of you can go straight to he—"

"Daddy," Isabel cautioned, "don't. Let me go. I'll be safe. I'm not afraid." She lowered her voice. "You know I have that little derringer you bought for me last summer."

They argued the matter back and forth, but in the end Isabel won.

"All right," Arnold called to Norton, "I'll let her go if you'll take these damned boards away from the window so I can watch her."

"That's very sensible," commented Norton.

"But mind you," the Captain growled, "if anything happens to her, I'll tear you and Jarden to pieces, if it costs me my life."

"Don't worry about her, Mr. Arnold," Norton said, "I'll be on hand to watch out for her and protect her."

"You!" Arnold laughed.

"Yes, I," repeated Norton. "You didn't suppose when I let Jarden persuade me to go into this thing that I'd given up all my self-respect. I'm not fighting women!"

His air of assumed virtue mollified the Captain slightly, though the gruff old sailor made no audible reply. A few minutes later, Isabel, the log in one hand, the derringer hidden in the folds of her skirts, came through the door that Norton had opened. He replaced the bar which had been placed across it, removed the boards from the window, and led the way toward the galley. A sailor, armed with one of the automatics, remained on guard.

Temporary quarters for the use of the captain of the mutineers had been fitted up. Jarden was seated at the table facing the entrance, poring over a map of the coast from Seattle north. Behind him Chin was busy paring potatoes with the long knife.

"Ah, Miss Arnold!" Jarden looked up with a smile as she entered. "I am glad your father has decided to be reasonable."

"There's the log," she dropped the book onto the table. "Now what else do you want?"

Jarden stirred, his legs, hidden by the cloth that spread over the table and reached to the floor, juggled the table slightly. He looked away from her belligerent eyes.

"Why," he answered slowly, "there isn't much else. I just want your promise that your father and Bascam and Murdock will not try to interfere. We do

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"And what about me?" Isabel asked, contempt for the man she had almost kissed two nights before showing plainly on her face.

"You?" Jarden winced. "Why you will——"

"You will have to talk with me," interrupted Norton. "It was part of our agreement," he nodded towards Jarden, "that—that I was——"

"Perhaps you had better consult me," the girl's face flushed with anger.

"Oh," Norton expostulated hurriedly, "I wasn't thinking of doing anything contrary to your wishes. Though, of course," he smirked, "I anticipated that you would wish to take the easiest and what seems the best course."

"And that is?" She waited impatiently.

"Why—er——" Norton found difficulty in speaking, her look disconcerting him. "Er—I thought you might in time—er—you know—learn to be rather fond of me."

"You?" She hurled the word at him. "Why, you're so despicable I don't even bother to hate you."

"Here now," Norton was losing control of himself, "you be careful how you talk, young lady, or you'll——"

"That's enough," Jarden interrupted. "Miss Arnold is to be treated with proper respect."

"You shut up," Norton turned on him savagely, holding his pistol pointed at Jarden's breast. "This is my business, and you keep your tongue out of it."

"But remember," Jarden was meek, "we promised that she should be safe."

"You promised," retorted Norton.

"You did, too," Isabel said, "but since we did not expect you to be man enough to keep a promise, it really had no weight."

"Be careful," Norton cried, "or you'll drive me too far!" He shook his finger at Isabel. "I'm going to have you, and you might as well make up your mind to it. I'll have you if I have to kill Jarden, your father, and all the rest of you. That was part of our bargain." He smiled. "I believe you overheard Jarden and me talking it over, didn't you? Well, we expect to carry it out. You can go back now and tell your father that he is safe so long as——"

"I came to talk with Mr. Pen—er Jarden," Isabel replied, turning her back on Norton.

"I think we've said enough," Jarden remarked after a savage glance from Norton. "You may repeat as much of what has been said as you care to, though I should think it would better—it wouldn't worry your father so much—if you said nothing about yourself."

"And I thought you were a man!"

Jarden winced, and even she could see it was not from the pain in his hand. She turned and walked proudly out onto the deck, and across to the doorway into their prison cabin.

CHAPTER XIV.

About eight o'clock the prisoners were startled by sounds of a scuffle on deck near the door. Isabel and Captain Arnold hurried to one window, Bascam and Murdock to the other. They could not see—could not have seen had it been light—on account of the boards—but presently they distinguished the voices of Jarden, Tomkins and Norton.

"I tell you I'll not do it!" Jarden cried.

"And I tell you that you will," replied Norton.

"They are quarreling among themselves, daughter," exclaimed the Captain in an excited whisper. "If that door was only unbarred, we might rush out and overpower them."

"You come along," they heard Tomkins say roughly, "and crawl back into your hole."

Jarden evidently made objection, and the struggles were renewed. The listening prisoners could hear their heavy breathing.

"Damn you!" Jarden finally cried in pain. "If it wasn't for this busted hand I'd fix you both!"

"Shut up!" Norton's retort was accompanied by a smack that sounded as if his hand had been placed savagely over Jarden's mouth. "Shut up and come along! We'll see that you're put where you can't interfere any with our plans."

They heard Jarden being dragged across the deck. "I wonder——" Isabel mused aloud—"if Lawrence is——"

"Oh, they've just got into a row," the Captain answered her unfinished sentence of hope, "about what to do with the spoils. Scoundrels always fall out in time. That's our chief hope."

For more than an hour Isabel puzzled over Jarden's actions, in spite of her effort to keep all thought of him out of her consciousness. She tried to decide what he had done or wanted to do that had caused Tomkins and Norton to deal so harshly with him. She recalled that he had not seemed himself when she had gone to take the log; that he had not seemed himself when he stood at the head of the mutineers on board the deck. Yet she could find no excuse for him, nothing to palliate his offense. It would have been bad enough for him to have gone into the conspiracy against her father; it was contemptible that he should have bargained with Norton about her. The thought of it made her cheeks burn.

Of course he had not seemed natural, she thought. He could not after the way he had acted. He was ashamed, but that did not excuse him She understood then his sudden indifference after that night outside the cabin, when he had been so ardent in his protestations. He was plotting this treachery and he had not the face to keep up the travesty. Yes, she did hate him, she assured herself over and over; she always had, she tried to make herself believe.

The stopping of the Anna May and the grating of the anchor chain as it was let down startled her and the others, and they hurried to the port windows. Barton, Norton, Tomkins, and several of the sailors were very busy—all, in fact, except the Chinaman, Brown and Jarden. Norton and Barton were having an argument.

"I don't believe this is good place," Norton protested. "We're too close to the course of all vessels into the sound."

"What if we are?" Barton retorted. "We can go around that little point, and up the mouth of the Jordan River, and no ship will ever see us. It's safe and we can do our transformation act quickly. Every hour we put it off the more in danger we get. Last time I was here there wasn't a soul within ten miles of the inlet."

Norton finally gave in, and in the midst of the preparations for anchoring and landing Isabel's thoughts suddenly reverted to Jarden. She wondered if he had been hurt in the struggle and was helpless. She slipped away, across to the other side. No one was in sight. She quietly opened the little window—too small for a man to slip through, but large enough for a slender woman—and cautiously peered out. As quietly and quickly as possible she twisted and strained until she was through.

She hugged the wall, waiting and listening to be sure she had not been heard, and then started to work her way slowly toward the stern. Taking advantage of the few boxes of freight that had been left on deck, she was able to reach the protection of the stern cabin, just as Norton and Barton, having had the small boat lowered, started back. Norton poked his head inside and called to Chin:

"We're going ashore for a few minutes, Chin. Keep close guard over Mr. Jarden."

"You betcher, I kleep gluard," replied the cook.

Barton entered. Norton waited a few minutes and called to him impatiently.

"You take Tomkins and go on without me," Barton replied. "I can't find my knife. I'll be along pretty soon."

"Oh, borrow one from Chin. I don't know the land."

"Tomkins knows," called Barton; "he's been here before."

Norton went off grumbling. Isabel, crouching in the shadow, tried to make herself even smaller as he passed, almost within reach. She waited a few seconds and then crept towards the porthole. It was high on the wall, and she could peer through without much danger of being seen, though she herself could not see all the room.

Barton was hunting in a box for his knife. The cook was smoking a pipe, squatting in one corner. Jarden, his feet firmly tied was sitting beside the table trying to read. Presently Barton stalked out without speaking. Jarden waited until he heard the sailor at the bow, and stopped reading to look up at the Chinaman. His steady gaze finally caused Chin to stop gazing at his pipe. For a moment they stared at each other, then the Chinaman grunted: "Well?"

"Nice job being a jailer, isn't it?" Jarden smiled.

"Diam job," Chin said, "but gotter do it."

"They're not paying you any more, are they?"

"Plenty pay," Chin almost smiled. "double regular pay."

"That's eighty dollars a month?"

"Yep."

"Too little," Jarden said suggestively. "It ought to be a hundred."

"I make it a hundred," said Chin, "when I come to c'lect. Maybe make it more." He sharpened his knife on the box side.

"That would be troublesome, wouldn't it? Why not make a hundred all at once."

"You tly to bribe me?" Chin's eyes glistened.

"I should say not," Jarden laughed. "Why should I bribe you? Why, as soon as my hand gets well I'm going to throw you overboard, and save my money for something more useful."

The Chinaman laughed at the joke. "Then why you give me the hlundred?" he asked.

"I didn't say I'd give you a hundred," Jarden simulated surprise. "I was just thinking what a fool you are not to make Norton and Barton pay you a hundred in advance. You're doing their dirty work for them. If their plot fails, you'll be liable to the noose for threatening to kill me."

"They threaten, too."

"No, they haven't" Jarden replied. "You're the only one that has threatened me. They're not treating you fair."

"No," Chin answered, without passion. "I fix them after I fix you. I go see them now."

Jarden's eyes lighted up with hope, but they clouded instantly when the cook continued as he fished another piece of rope from his storeall box.

"I tie your hands, too; then you be safe. I hunt 'em up an' tell 'em they got to pay me hlundred dollars down, now."

Jarden held out his hands meekly. "I don't see why you want to tie my hands. They're no good. I couldn't do anything."

"Tlie 'em, anyhow," grunted Chin.

"All right." Jarden was resigned. "Say, what are you going to do with me in the end?"

"Don' know," Chin grinned, "spec' they put you on shore some place with Cap. Arnold an' Basclam and Murdlock."

"That would be better than dumping me overboard," Jarden answered lightly. "Do you know when they expect to land us?"

"Dunno." Chin had finished tying Jarden's hands. "I goin' now. You keep quiet. I be back in five mlinutes."

"Needn't hurry back on my account," Jarden laughed.

The Chinaman left without replying. Isabel watched him until he disappeared over the rail, hunting for Norton and Barton. She waited another minute to be sure he was gone. Then, all being quiet, she slipped along the wall, opened the door softly, and glided in. Jarden stared at her and she held up a warning finger. She closed the door and went to his side.

"I don't know," she whispered, "just why they tied you this way."

"To keep me from making trouble." He tried to appear unconcerned. "They didn't like some of the things I wanted to do."

"I'll not talk of them," Isabel shuddered and shrugged her shoulders. "You may not be worth much, but I believe you are better than they are. At any rate, I'm willing to help you for the sake of what you did for Daddy in San Fran."

"And not for my own sake?" he asked, as she began to tug at the rope about his hands.

"Let's not talk about unpleasant subjects," she replied.

"Am I an unpleasant subject?"

"The things you have been doing are unpleasant." She spoke quietly but firmly. "It is in spite of those things I am trying to help you, though I cannot find any good justification for doing so."

"You might let me try to explain," he pleaded.

"You can explain when my father has his ship back."

"But if I should say that I haven't really meant to be what I have seemed to be, and——"

"That is exactly what we have been thinking," she interrupted. "It is because you haven't been what you seemed to be that we despise you."

"I mean the last day," he persisted; "today when I was on deck, later when you were here. I was compelled to do these things."

"Oh," she laughed, "made into a pirate against your will, were you? And we thought you a brave man. Why, this is exactly the way you yourself planned to do."

"But Isabel——"

(Continued on page sixteen.)

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Brad Weeks—Dud Withers was tellin' me that down at the university his boy Sam got fourteen degrees.

Pop Riley—Did he say above or below zero?

An Exclusive Church.

An old darky wanted to join a fashionable city church, and the minister, knowing it was hardly the thing to do, and not wanting to hurt his feelings, told him to go home and pray over it. In a few days the darky came back.

"Well, what do you think of it by this time?" asked the preacher.

"Well, sah," replied the colored man, "Ah prayed an' prayed, an' de good Lord, he say to me: 'Rastus, Ah wouldn't bodder mah head about dat no mo'. Ah've been trying to get into dat church mahself fo' de last twenty yeahs an' Ah done hab no luck.'"

Cured Her, First Pop.

"Does your wife often grieve because she threw over a wealthy man in order to marry you?"

"She started to once, but I cured her with the first rattle out of the box."

"I wish you would tell me how."

"I started right in to grieving with her. And I grieved harder and longer than she did."

Convenience.

"Those skyscrapers are a great convenience," said the man who is engrossed in business.

"In what way?"

"When your doctor orders you to a higher altitude, all you have to do is to take the elevator."

The Difference.

A teacher asked her class in spelling to state the difference between the words "results" and "consequences." A bright girl replied: "Results are what you expect, and consequences are what you get."

Between Girls.

"How shall I have my photograph taken?"

"I would caution you by all means to keep your feet out of the foreground, my dear."

No wonder they no longer speak.

Following Directions.

The beauty editor of the Halton Signal was asked by a girl who wasn't of much account around the house what she should do to make her hands white. The beauty editor answered with wasted sarcasm that the best thing the young woman could do would be to soak her hands in dishwater three times a day. It never touched her. She went home and gravely asked her mother to save the dishwater after she got through.

"Did you ever feel that the eyes of the world were upon you?"

"Once a year, when I wear the necktie that my wife gives me at Christmas."

Tommy's Definition.

Teacher—Tommy, what is the meaning of the word futility?

Tommy—I don't know exactly, but an example of it would be trying to tickle a turtle's back with a chicken feather.

Asking ah Impossibility.

Bang! Bang!

He thought that the Germans were upon him. But he awoke to find that it was only the boots tapping at his door.

"Well, what is it?" he grumbled.

"A telegram, sir," replied the boots in breathless tones. "Will you open the door, sir?"

"Certainly not!" exclaimed Jones, crossly. He was by no means anxious to leave his sheltering sheets. "Slip it under the door, my boy."

"I can't do that, sir," replied the boots, anxiously. "It's on a tray."

The Seekers.

"Women are finer than men. They have nobler ideals."

The speaker was N. C. Goodwin, the noted actor, He stood on the Atlantic City board walk, gazing down upon a glittering and windswept beach, dotted with thousands of little black figures in bathing dress.

"A woman on her vacation," said Mr. Goodwin, thoughtfully, "is always seeking the perfect man. But a man, on his, is always seeking the imperfect woman."

His Idea of Heaven.

Senator Depew, at a recent dinner in New York, said of Richard Strauss' music:

"To hear Strauss' 'Electra' or his 'Domestic Symphony' always makes me think of the old Scotch piper who said:

"'Ah, there's ane nicht I sall ne'er forget. There were nineteen pipers besides myself all in a wee bit parlor, all playin' different tunes. I just thocht I was in Heaven!'"

Cupid's Car.

"What kind of an automobile is it that Freddie Greenough drives?"

"I don't know the name of it, but it is a dear little machine."

"Has he taken you out in it?"

"Yes, and it broke down in such a nice, lonely place. We were there for three hours undisturbed by anybody."

A Suggestive Song.

"Miss Giggles has not a particle of tact."

"What's she done?"

"The other evening, when she was asked by Mr. Jaggles, who is notorious for not paying his debts, for a song, she went promptly to the piano and sang 'Trust Him Not.'"

A Shrewd Tailor.

Customer—How much for that suit of clothes, if I pay cash?

Tailor—Forty dollars.

Customer—How much on credit?

Tailor—Eighty dollars, half of it down.

No Comments from Hubby.

"What a freakish hat, Mabel! What do you suppose your husband will say when he sees you in it?"

"He won't dare say a word. He's wearing one of those fuzzy felt things himself."

After the Separation.

"I suppose your daughter's rich husband has always made her a handsome allowance, Mrs. Beasley?"

"Not until she separated from him, ma'am."

Proof of Love.

"Are you sure that Henry is sincere in his protestations of love for you?"

"Absolutely, mamma. He says if I will only marry him he won't care how often you come to visit us."

THE NEW YEAR'S ADVENT.

You are welcome, little Skeezicks, on your polished Norseland Skees;
Welcome skeeing, welcome skating, welcome coming as you please;
You're elected, you're expected,
You've no cause to be dejected—
You're the next of countless millions that are filling Time's decrees.

A Cheap Man.

"Well," the friend said, "he seems to be able to make an honest living."

"Yes," she replied, "but, heavens, who wants to marry a man of that kind nowadays?"

Hot Words.

First Deaf-mute—So when he heard the report he got furious about it?

Second Deaf-mute—Furious! Why, he was so mad that the words he used almost blistered his fingers.

Uncle Ephraim-ry walked into a drug store.

"Gimme one o' dem plasters foh my back," he said.

"One of the porous plasters?"

"No, I don' want nor o' de porous plasters. I want one o' de bes'."

The Very Ground.

"Let us have peace," said the English invader. "Can you not see that the white strangers love the red men?"

"Ah, yes," replied the intelligent Indian, "they love the very ground we walk upon."

Realistic.

"I dreamed last night that I had perfected an airship."

"And when you awoke?"

"I was on the floor."

The Natural Thing.

"There," cried Jonathan to a newly arrived Irishman, as he waved his hand in the direction of the horseshoe falls at Niagara; "there now, isn't it wonderful?"

"Wonderful? What's wonderful about that?"

"Why, to see all that water come tumbering over those rocks."

"Faith, then, to tell ye the honest truth," was the response, "Oi can't see anything so wonderful about that. What is thir to prevint it from comin' over?"

The Rival Fathers.

"You say your baby doesn't walk yet?" said Jones. "Mine does, and it is not as old as yours. Your baby cut his teeth yet?"

"Not yet," said Bones.

"Oh, mine has—all of them," said Jones. "Does your baby talk?"

"Not yet," replied Bones. "Can yours?"

"Great Scott, yes," answered Jones.

Then Bones got desperate. "Does he use a safety razor or one of the other sorts?" he asked.

Five Hour's Difference.

"How is that lazy son of Bildad's getting along now that he's gone to London?" asked Hicks. "Showing any signs of a brace?"

"I guess so," returned Wattles. "His father showed me a letter the other day, and the kid says he's up every morning at 6 o'clock."

"London time or New York?" asked Hicks.

Reason for Riots.

"I heard, the other day, a mild-looking chap in a restaurant, who said:

"'I understand they've been having wine riots in France, waiter.'

"'Yes, sir; I believe so, sir,' the waiter answered.

"'Well,' said the mild-looking chap, 'the wine you've served me here would be enough to start a riot anywhere.'"

Appropriate.

"What's become of the two clerks you had here?"

"You mean Cannon and Ball?"

"Yes."

"The boss got rid of them in the most facetious way."

"How?"

"He fired the one and bounced the other."

A Boy's Revenge.

The English schoolteacher Dr. Wines' front door bore a plate on which was the one word: "Wines." Some boy whom he had caned wrote an addition to this in big letters, so that the inscription ran: "Wines and other lickers."

A Smart Son.

Friend—You took your son into your establishment a few months ago to teach him the business, I understand. How did he turn out?

Business Man (wearily)—Great success. He's teaching me the business now.

Particular Speech.

"My dear, do you love me still?"

"I still love you, and I suppose I would love you still, if I ever saw you that way."

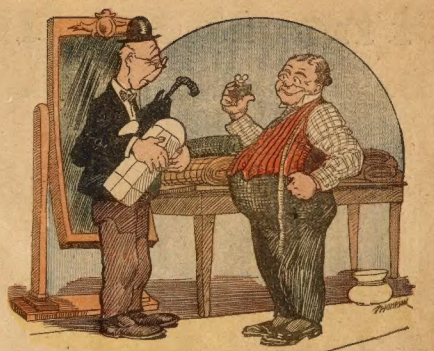
Council of Three.

"Does your wife boss you?"

"I wouldn't put it that way. I also have two daughters, you know. I work under a commission form of government."

One Kind of Suspense.

It's suspense that kills—the man hanged for murder.



Tailor—A little New Year's gift I'm presenting to all my old customers, Mr. Henpeck. It's to scare wifey.

Mr. Henpeck—And what do you call it?

Tailor—A tiny device that you wind up and put in your trousers pocket before going to bed. It makes a noise just like a mouse.

Hinglish Humor.

A magistrate's clerk was taking down the evidence of a witness and asked what her name was.

"Meddows," she replied.

"How do you spell it, madam?"

"Hem, Ro D, D, Ho, Double U, Hess."

"Ah, then there's no 'Hay' in your meadows?" remarked the witty scribe to the amusement of the court.

"So you got a pair of mittens for Christmas, eh?"

"Yes; but they don't match."

"How's that?"

"Got them from two different girls."

Queer.

"Funny thing about my wife."

"What?"

"She can't walk three blocks without getting tired, but she can pump a player-piano for hours without pausing to rest."

No Desire to "Hog" Things.

Her Father—So my daughter has consented to become your wife. Have you fixed the day of the wedding?

Suitor—I will leave that to my fiancee.

H. F.—Will you have a church or a private wedding?

S.—Her mother can decide that, sir.

H. F.—What have you to live on?

S.—I will leave that entirely to you, sir.

Close Calculation.

"Horse sick?" asked the man in the buggy.

"Yep," replied the man with a spring-wagon.

"Hard luck, ain't it?"

"Oh, I dunno. It's gettin' so medicine is cheaper than hay."

His Motto.

"You seem to do well, and yet you are always borrowing."

"I am."

"How do you manage it?"

"My motto is: Always put off till tomorrow those you have done today."

Making a Monkey of Him.

"He says he is going to look up his family tree."

"He had better make sure first that there are none of his ancestors swinging up there ready to throw nuts at him."

Very Likely.

She—Miss Hawty's dimple is awfully deep, isn't it? Looks like a gimlet hole.

He—Perhaps that's what gives her such a bored expression.

A Good Sign.

"Do you think they'll be happy after they're married?"

"Oh, I think so. He's almost as fond of her lap dog as she is."

Johnny—My, it's freezing cold, but I mustn't drop this bottle of milk.

"Rip! Wow! There it goes!"

"It's busted! Land sakes, what will I do? Ma will lick me!"

"Its freezin' solid as a rock! What's the use?"

"Well, I don't know, maybe I can save it!"

"Ha, ma, here's your old milk!"

The Ibex Hunters;

Or, IN A PRISON OF ICE

By George T. Hargreaves

[Copyright 1911 by W. D. Boyce Co.]

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PART II.

SETH'S violent exertions started a gnawing in the region of his stomach. It was intensified when out of the gloom came the quavering voice of his brother: "We'll starve to death here."

"Pooh-pooh!" blustered Seth, but the truth of it put a tone of apprehension in what was palpably meant as a prop to the injured man's courage. Then, to distract the other's mind, he said grinning, "How'd you like a whiff at a cigarette?"

The reply was almost a whine: "I don't want anything except to get out of here."

"Oh, brace up, kid, brace up! It's only a question of time."

"Yes, so long a time that they'll only find our bones when they get down here," came the plaintive cry. Then after a pause, "Seth, can't you find some way to get out?"

Seth, rolling a cigarette with corpulent composure, squinted thoughtfully upward through the narrow fissure. He could see only a patch of gray sky that was blotted out in a moment by a cloud of snowflakes. As he puffed luxuriantly at his cigarette, he studied the walls anew until he exclaimed: "Maybe we can get out at that hole yonder."

"How can you ever get up to it?" whimpered Sidney.

"Climb," responded Seth sententiously. He licked the cigarette, half-smoked, from his fingers, drew ice-hatchet and hunting knife from his belt, and proceeded to notch crevices in the side wall large enough to hold his feet.

The exertion drove the creeping chill from his body, but availed little more. One—two—three steps he climbed to that higher up, only a thin layer of covered the virgin rock, which refused break beneath the uncertain blows he as able to strike with the hatchet and life from his cramped position.

He clung to the task till aching arms forced him to descend and rest.

"I'm half dead for a drink," muttered Sid. "My mouth tastes like a furnace."

Seth selected a small piece of chipped ice, cleaned it and applied it to his brother's lips.

Sidney sucked it once and spat it out. "Uh, it's worse than the thirst," he moaned; "it tastes like garlic."

Seth ran his hand over the injured brother's face, and found the reason for his thirst and perverse taste. He was burning with fever.

"Don't mind me, kid, if I make a little noise," Seth cautioned, with worried brow. "I'm going to see if I can make any one hear outside."

Climbing again the icy steps he had notched, he raised his voice in a succession of "halloos." The sides of the prison flung back the sound, but though he listened long and eagerly, no answering shout encouraged them from without.

Then, for the first time, a full realization of their peril descended upon him. Cut off on all sides by impregnable walls of ice and rock, with not a bite to eat, with his brother helpless, with all clews to their prison apparently obliterated, unable to lift their voices high enough for the outside world to hear, their situation drove a chill of terror through him.

Hensel, the guide, of course would summon aid, and a strenuous search would be made, but how could rescuers, daring and resourceful though they might be, ever locate the brothers in this pit of despair?

Still Seth refused to surrender hope. Again he raised his voice, but a strident blast of wind, sweeping through the fissure overhead, swallowed his cry. Muttering an impatient imprecation, he once more settled down beside his brother. His hands were burning from bared contact with the icy surroundings, his arms ached from his incessant exertions. He shivered violently as, outclass, he squatted to rest. Trying to devise some new plan to effect their escape, he nodded once or twice in sleepy exhaustion. It would have been easy to doze off had it not been for the growing craving for food.

Of a sudden, as he took up one scheme of rescue after another and then tossed them aside as futile, the gray light about them thickened. He glanced at the thin sheet of sky that showed through the opening above. He was conscious of a permeating sense of loneliness, of helplessness, as he realized that night was

Restlessly, he sought to slake his with pinches of snow. As his ing stomach continued its ex e nance, he was startled by a

exclamations from his brother. Crawling to his side, he leaned over and caught the flash of two brilliant, staring eyes.

"Delirium!" gasped Seth. "What luck!"

For an hour he stroked the twitching hands of the injured man and applied ice and snow to his fevered face and head. He crooned snatches of old college songs—as much with a desire to drown the requiem-like roar of the gale without as to soothe the agitation of his brother. Thus engaged, he slowly relapsed into a nodding doze and then into a dream-rent sleep.

The faintest gray light had crept into their prison when Seth awoke. He was so stiff and sore he could barely withhold a cry of pain as he writhed to a sitting posture. Sidney, too, stirred with a moan, and slowly opened his eyes. They showed the rack of a fevered night.

"We're done for this time, Seth, aren't we?" he wailed.

"Tush, tush!" sputtered the brother. "Nothing like that," he summoned a grin to his face that belied the apprehension in his heart.

"But we're going to starve."

"Not if I can find the blamed critter that brought us down here."

"You mean raw Ibex?"

"That's better than raw ash," laughed Seth.

He set to work again with knife and hatchet—this time with the intent to work his way through the ice and snow with which the crevasse was packed. The chill that had permeated to his very marrow and the excruciating pain in his stiffened muscles gradually were dissipated by the warmth of his exertions. He wormed his way up the inner side of the pit and reached the shelf of rock from which he had tumbled into it. Eagerly he pushed his way through the snow. He was beginning to nurse hope when his arm struck a barrier. An impregnable wall of ice cut off farther advance. Even raw Ibex was not for them.

Weak from lack of food, he sat down miserably and rested his cool cheeks in his burning hands. He muttered angrily at his helplessness; he worried over the suspense from which his parents would suffer at the disappearance of their two sons; he suffered acutely at the distress of his brother, whose unrestrained moans reached him even where he rested—and he sought consolation in another cigarette.

Sid was trying to writhe into a more comfortable position when Seth returned. His face was pinched with the pain from his fractured arm and his fever was still high.

"We're done for, aren't we?" he snarled weakly. "Done to die down here out of sight and out of hearing. We'll starve; we'll soon go mad with thirst. We'll beat our heads against these awful walls. We'll die like the pair of fools we are."

Seth catching the drift of delirium in his brother's eyes, sought to soothe him into calmness.

"It'll be all right, kid," he insisted, "if you'll only have a little patience."

"Patience? And dying by fast degrees? Faugh!" and the crippled hunter twisted himself angrily into a position that wrenched a shriek of pain from him.

Seth's reply was checked by a muffled crack that brought them both sharply to attention.

"An avalanche?" cried Sidney.

"More like a gunshot," whispered the other, with ear cocked to catch a repetition of the sound. It came in a moment, a trifle more distinctly.

"It is a gun," exclaimed Seth, leaping to the steps he had notched toward the fissure. "They're hunting us."

Massing all the power of his lungs he roared forth a cry for help. Again and again he repeated it, until his throat felt as if a rasp were being drawn across its delicate texture. Sid took up the cry when Seth ceased, but his quavering voice barely filled their cavern. Then the two, tensely silent, waited for an answer to their shouts. But, though they cried out again and again, until the sounds they emitted were little more than anguished gurgles, neither welcome gunshot nor human voice rewarded their efforts.

Seth slipped down beside his brother. He was weak and discouraged, but he still smiled.

"They didn't hear us," moaned Sid.

"Doesn't seem like it," cheered Seth "but they're likely to return."

"But if they do, they won't hear us. We're trapped. We're going to die here. You know we are. You're only smiling to brace me up. You can't. I know what's going to happen to us! We're going to die—die like a couple of starved dogs!"

The injured man's voice had risen until it was a demoniac shriek. His eyes rolled like a craven's. Seth grasped him firmly by the shoulders and shook him gently.

"Kid, kid, keep cool!" he said quietly. "You're a man and a Grant. And a Grant was never a coward. Don't you be the first."

Sid shriveled under the lash in his brother's words. He turned his hectic face away, but he could not restrain the tearless sobs that welled in his throat.

Again Seth gripped knife and hatchet and attacked the ice wall. This time he dug steadily into the side that seemed to lead to the same light that showed through the fissure above them. But it was a slow and wearying task. His legs grew cramped, his knees grew sore. Scooping out the ice chips tore his gloves to tatters, and the jagged points, ripping into the flesh, cut his hands cruelly. Yet he did not waver. When the light above grew gray and then went out entirely, he had rounded a hole as long as his ample body.

He was conscious of physical weakness when he tried to dispose himself to rest. Hunger was sapping his vitality. He was awakened a dozen times during the night by the craving in his stomach and another dozen times by his brother's fitful spells of delirium and pain. He was not unthankful when the morning light again seeped slowly upon them. Work was a distraction from thought of their peril.

But when he sought to rise, he found nature collecting toll for lack of nutrition. He staggered to his feet like a weakling. He had to grip the side wall for support until his whirling head regained its poise. He was stiff in every joint and sore in every muscle. He had to set his lips to still the outcry of pain that welled in his throat. Once he shivered in the desire to curl down and drop into unending sleep. But the sight of his helpless brother prodded him into activity again. A cigarette helped some, too.

As he attacked the inmost wall of the little cavern he had hacked out on the previous day, he was conscious of a remarkable change in the temperature. The air which had been keen with chill was now distinctly warmer. The shrill wind had sunk to an occassional sough.

Painfully breaking down the ice, he heard his brother call sharply to him. He scrambled alarmedly to Sidney's side.

"Listen, listen!" exclaimed the injured man with bulging eyes.

Bending his ear Seth heard distinctly a splashing as of falling water. When he raised his face, a heavy drop spattered upon his cheek. In the gloom he caught the occasional shimmer of a thin stream that trickled its faltering way down a side of their prison.

Sid, nursing his broken arm, rose to a sitting posture. His shining eyes, set in fevered fixity, were full of terror.

"What is it? What is it?" he gasped.

"It's turned warm, probably," replied Seth with assumed nonchalance, "and it's raining outside. A bit of water seems to be getting down here."

"That 'chinook' or hot south wind Hensel told us about," panted Sidney. "Comes on overnight sometimes," he said, "melting the snowfields and cutting big fissures in the glaciers."

"You're a good guesser." Seth raised his voice, for the spatter of the tumbling water steadily grew louder. Then, with a shiver, he felt his feet dampen. The water, gathering in the bottom of the chasm, had permeated his boots. "We may have to get out of here soon," he went on, soberly.

"But where can we go?"

"Blest if I know!" was the desperate reply. "Can you stand up?"

Seth assisted his brother carefully to his feet, and braced him against the wall. Sid, in weakness, shook as if from the palsy. He gripped Seth's arm with a frantic clutch.

"We're going to drown, we're going to drown!" he cried. "I can feel the water at my ankles."

"Come, brace yourself, kid! Don't give up yet. See, the roof is giving way," he yelled, as a chunk of ice loosened from above and splashed into the water about them. He felt dizzily weak as he looked up to discover a new patch of dull cloud. But the added light showed scores of

Smoke of Herbs Cures Catarrh

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thickening streams pouring down, cutting deep crevices in the side walls and plunging into the rising pool with the force of miniature cataracts.

"We're going to drown, I tell you!" repeated Sid. "Drown, do you hear—drown!" The injured man was frantic with terror.

With the water at his knees, Seth felt some of his brother's agony, but he fought to keep it out of his face and voice.

"Kid," he blurted loudly above the roar of the tumbling waters, "we're going to fight this to the end!"

With the water at their waists, Sidney laughed hysterically. Seth, fearful lest he do violence, curled an arm about his brother and helped him to raise his injured arm, with many a gasp of pain, to his chin, in an effort to keep it dry.

A falling block of ice, glancing from his head, made Seth giddy for a moment. He found himself fighting with a sickening feeling within. Faintly he muttered, "No, no, I'm no coward! I'm going to see it out."

Then, as he felt the water welling to his chest, he looked his wilting brother over carefully, shook him a trifle and yelled: "We've got to try climbing now, kid! Brace yourself!"

Sid's eyes were almost glassy from weakness. But he braced himself. A puzzled look contracted his face.

"Climb?" he murmured. "I can't climb with this arm."

"But I'm going to raise you on my shoulders," insisted Seth. "Then you'll be out of danger for a time."

The brother's eyes opened wide in horror. The shrinking fear that had dominated him since their fall into the crevasse seemed to pass in a sudden stiffening of his frame. His voice, quivering from cold and pain, was yet insistent:

"And you drown while I live? Not much. You've got a chance. You might crawl up this wall alone. With this arm I never could. I'm done for, I tell you, but I'm not going to pull you down with me. You let me go. Climb out of this yourself. But if you get out tell—mother—and—dad—I wasn't—such an awful—coward—at the end."

Then he fought to break loose from his brother's grasp. But Seth was far the stronger and held him firm. Summoning all his waning energy, he gripped Sid about the waist, and breasting the icy waters, fairly lifted him to the spot where he had notched the holes in the side wall.

"No, no!" Sidney expostulated, renewing his effort to break away. "Let me go! Take care of yourself. Let me go!"

"Shut up," yelled Seth above the roar of torrential rain and the continuous splash of falling ice, "and listen to me! Don't squirm like that. Save every ounce of strength you've got." After a pause for breath he went on: "Listen to me now. Forget your bad arm for a few moments. I'm going to hoist you to my shoulders. Then with your good arm you grab hold of that hole I've cut above there; rest your feet in this hole here"—he slashed his free hand through the water to indicate the lowest of the notches he had chipped—"and steady yourself until I can climb alongside of you. There's room for us both to get a foothold and handhold, and I can help you to hang on."

When he stooped to elevate his brother, the water swirled about his chin. His limbs trembled with weakness and exhaustion as he grasped Sidney about the hips. Marshaling every last atom of his strength, he raised him so that with his uninjured arm he could grip the hole above his head. Then, bending again until the water splashed into his face and all power of endurance seemed oozing out of him, Seth set his brother's feet firmly in the lowest hole.

Straightening, he panted: "Now hold on for a jiffy," and dizzily drew himself up, hand over hand, until he, too, clung breathlessly to the sheer ice wall beside his brother. Weakly he gripped an arm about the other's waist.

Thus, hugging the perpendicular barrier with limbs chilled by the water, arms numb from the strain, and fingers like limber icicles, they waited almost wordlessly for what now seemed the inevitable end—drowning.

Seth's task rapidly grew superhuman. The arm which clutched the wall was drained of strength. The fingers that hung to the crevice felt fairly lifeless. He tried to think, in a heart-sickening way, of some expedient by which he might relieve the strain, but even as he struggled with the problem he felt the rising flood again at his breast.

"Sid" he yelled, desperately, above the roar of the tumbling waters, "do you think you could climb onto my shoulders?"

Reply was drowned in a steadily rising roar that rumbled like near thunder through the chasm. Then came a series of shivering, terrifying crashes that resounded like lightning bolts all about them. The concussions nearly tore them from their frail perch. The very bases of the earth, seemed to rock and crack beneath them. Great masses of ice hurtled down, missing them as by a miracle, and splashing the water in the creyasse into a Niagara-like spray.

Both brothers closed their eyes convulsively, as if to blot out the spectacle of some fast-approaching cataclysm. Seth felt Sid tremble and sway in his weakening grasp. He flexed his arm about the other to the limit of his sore-taxed strength. A blackness began to settle down upon him.

"It's all over," his blue lips muttered, as his head fell back in exhaustion. But his eyes, opening slowly, caught a wide rift of dull daylight. They followed it in widening wonder until they found it led upward into the rain-filled clouds. Then the explanation came intermittently to him: The immense rainfall had melted the mass of snow with which the crevasse had been packed.

A greater surprise fairly choked him with joy when his eyes fell upon the water about him. It was no longer rising. It was actually subsiding. It had been almost to his chin, but now it was only to his breast. He tried to cry out hope to Sidney, but his throat emitted only a gurgling pant.

When he finally recovered his voice, the water was only at his waist and sluicing away from him like a millstream.

"Sid, Sid," he gulped exultantly, "we're all right! There's been some kind of an avalanche. The walls of the crevasse have given way some place. The water's pouring out like thunder."

Sidney's glazed eyes slowly took in the change in their situation. His pallid lips moved, but no sound came. He was too weak for speech.

"What luck, eh?" laughed Seth, half-hysterically. "In another ten minutes our heads would have been under water."

They descended to the bottom of the cavern when the flood had drained out. Seth gloated inwardly when he saw that the water had flowed away through the hole he had chipped so laboriously in the wall of their prison. It had broken through the thin outer wall of ice he had left unpierced.

He was kneeling beside Sid, chafing his cheeks in an effort to restore warmth in them, when the crack of a single gunshot came waveringly down. He leaped to his feet and shouted desperately. Sid tried to reinforce the cry, but emitted only a hollow moan.

In quick succession three shots that sounded for all the world like the rasping bark of a dog upon a hot scent re-echoed within the crevasse. The faces of both men, pinched by hunger until the skin was tight drawn as upon a drum, wrinkled into ghastly smiles.

"It's help!" panted Seth.

"We're found!" gulped Sidney, soundlessly.

Then faintly upon their keen-set ears fell the tones of a human voice. As they strained their bleared eyes upward to the top of the crevasse, they beheld dimly the fuzzy headpiece of an Alpine guide and then the faint outlines of his face.

"Help, help!" called Seth, with a vehemence that fairly blistered his throat. "We're down here!"

Immediately descended the quivering reply: "Thank God, my boys! Help's coming right down to you."

It was the harried voice of their father.

A half-hour later, Hensel, firmly held in the clutches of a long scaling rope, and lowered slowly from the brink of the chasm by a half-score of searchers, reached the brothers. From his leathern belt he drew twin supplies of milk. Nectar to the gods never tasted half so luscious as did this draught to the starving hunters.

"We hunt you night and day," said the guide, "but we get no trace. The snow and ice quick cover up the hole you fall into. They hide my marks too. But we keep at it, messieurs, stalking, stalking, and firing our guns. When the 'fohn' come last night and the rain, we know there'd be a break somewhere. Then the avalanche come and we watch close ever since. But you father and mother they did not look to see you alive again. Nor me, messieurs."

Hensel, examining the depths of the chasm, sighted the long hole Seth had hacked in his attempt at freedom. A thin stream of water was still gurgling its zigzag way along the bottom toward the outlet through which daylight showed.

"You cut this?" he asked.

Seth nodded.

"That save you. If the water could not run out there, it fill up here and drown you."

"You guessed it the very first time," grinned Seth weakly. "It was up to our necks when the break came."

One at a time the brothers were trussed tightly in the rope by Hensel, and at his shouted signal the men above carefully drew them to the top of the precipice. Sidney went first. When Seth reached the brink, he blinked for a moment unseeingly, and then beheld his brother, wrapped in furs, being carried across the ice-field in the arms of two sturdy Swiss. Then he felt a pair of arms about his shoulders, and a well-known voice whispered brokenly: "My boy, my boy, I'd almost given you up!"

"Me, too, dad," Seth gulped.

"I guess this'll cure you of the hunting habit, eh?"

"Why, dad, this was only an appetizer," The end.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Moon.

(Continued from page six.)

the great occasion at last. And it brought to the tenement on Kay street an assembly of guests as heterogeneous as were the gifts the Moons received.

Came the MacMasters, and old Mac "did himself proud" even in Timothy's estimation, for he came lugging a silver pitcher of huge proportions, and before the evening was spent they had lost count of the number of times it was carried empty to Riley's and brought back full!

Late in the evening, after the "collation" had been served and Dago Mike and his helpers departed, and the noisy guests had thinned out to just a comfortable crowd in the Moons' flat—every chair occupied and the unmarried men holding the girls on their knees!—two men in uniform came and tacked a yellow card on the doorpost at the street entrance.

Then the officers proceeded to go through the house, rapping at the door of each tenement and giving official warning to the occupants of the same. They could hardly make themselves heard at the Moons' door.

"What's the matter with ye?" demanded Timothy, finally putting his head out. "Wow, wow! cops, is it? Is the house pinched, I dunno?"

"You are quarantined, my man," said the health officer, gruffly.

"Ye're a liar. I'm a Democrat!" rejoined Timothy, bristling at once.

The health officer explained, Nobody will be allowed to leave or enter the house until further orders," he concluded. "Front and rear doors will both be guarded. Sorry to put you to any trouble—"

"Whist, man!" exclaimed Timothy, his face very red and his little eyes sparkling, as he edged out into the hall. "Tis no trouble ye're makin' us—not at all! I'll drive nails in the walls and hang me guests up ter slape—'twill be no trouble, an' like enough manny of thim will hang some day. This is a fittin' ending to the celebration of me silver wedding—yah! Tell me, what are we quarantined against—yaller fever, or hog-cholera?"

"They think it is diptheria."

"And who's got it?"

"I couldn't tell you."

"Then," demanded the irate lighterman, "who rayported th' case? Tell me that now, so I kin go an' give him me compliments for the pleasant sitiwation he has brought about."

Guests were crowding to the door of the tenement. A jabbering of women's voices resounded through the place. Children began to cry, and the expressions of some of the male guests were more forcible than elegant.

Quarantined in a tenement—more than fifty of them! It would be as bad as the famous bag of Kilkenny cats.

"Who rayported this?" demanded Timothy a second time.

"It was telephoned in by Dr. Sharpe. It's one of his patients. Why don't you ask the doctor himself?" demanded the health officer. "He has his office here, doesn't he?"

Timothy whirled and started for the stairs. The officer grabbed at him, but missed. The lighterman would have catapulted himself down the flight and into the doctor's office had not the street door opened and that young medical sprig himself appeared.

"Why, hullo, Mr. Moon!" he cried. "Party ain't over, is it? I'll be up for a nip just as soon as I've washed and fumigated. Had a hard case all the evening. Am afraid it's diphtheria. Hullo! what's this card for?"

The two health officers followed Timothy down the stairs.

"You're Doctor Sharpe?" questioned one.

"I am. What do you want here?" asked the physician, briskly.

"Didn't you telephone to the department that you had a case of diphtheria in this house?"

"And ye've quarantined us, ye armadoon!" yelled Timothy, shaking his fist under the young man's nose. "For two cints——"

"Eh? . Oh—Ho, ho! ha, ha!" roared the doctor, falling back against the door. "And your party in full blast, Mr. Moon! No, no! I never telephoned the department to put up a card here. The patient is two blocks away. The clerk got my office number instead," and he tore down the offending yellow pasteboard.

Timothy saw the point. His countenance expanded. He turned to bellow up the stairs:

"Mac! Mac! hand down the silver growler again. I'll fill it at Riley's wance more—an' if he's closed I'll break in the side doore and git it. For," quoth Timothy Moon, "whether 'tis worth while celebrating a silver wedding, or not, we'll drink a sup ter bein' let out o' quarantine. 'Tis a matter for congratulation."

Next week's Ledger will bring the reader another Mr. and Mrs. Moon story, called "Two Tickets to the Waldorf." Don't miss any of these capital yarns, they will do you good.

* * *

A Great Hit.

Trying to follow the prevailing Washington fashion, the dignified senator was learning golf. It was a distressing time for the caddy. Striking too low with his iron, the great man made the dirt fly. "What have I hit?" With infinite scorn the boy replied, "De District of Columbia."

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TOM OF STONY POINT;

Or, Fighting With Mad Anthony

By CAPTAIN JACK JUDSON

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CHAPTER XIII.

ALICE TO THE RESCUE.

A DARKER doom than that which confronted Tom Hewlett cannot be imagined. Once more he was within sight of Stony Point and a prisoner. Reuben and his friends were not inclined toward mercy, and Tom knew that if he fell into Colonel Johnson's hands no clemency would be shown.

When Reuben cried out that the lights which all beheld were those of the British fort, Tom shut his teeth hard and said nothing. The fort itself was scarcely two miles distant, perched upon the elevation from which it overlooked the waters of the Hudson.

"You don't seem to enjoy the outlook?" [illegible]n went on, coming closer to Tom, [illegible]hose eyes he looked with something [illegible] friendliness of other days, the spy thought.

"[illegible]s the fortunes of war, Reuben. [illegible]are the victor now."

"[illegible]s. If you had sided with the King [illegible]d of taking sides with the Rebels [illegible]ld not be in the plight you are."

"[illegible] better to die for liberty than [illegible]a tyrant," was Tom's reply, as he returned the look.

Reuben for a moment averted his face.

"Tom," said he, turning suddenly to the captive, "you know what fate awaits you yonder?"

"Yes."

"Would you be willing to take the King's oath if I were to give you your freedom?"

"I am no turncoat, Reuben."

"Not when it means life or death?"

The little band was advancing slowly over the moonlit road. Reuben had stepped beside Tom, and was so close that their elbows touched.

"It all rests with me," he said, dropping his voice to a whisper.

"I know you hold my fate in your hands, Reuben."

"You can go free even now when you are within the shadow of the gibbet. I will not ask you to take the oath. I will do better than that."

Mad Anthony's boy spy did not speak, but turned his face a little, and his eyes met Reuben's.

"Tom, if you only tell me when General Wayne intends to move," the young Tory proceeded, "that will be better than taking the King's oath. I will ask nothing more."

Tom was silent for a moment.

"Do you think I would betray General Wayne, even if he had taken me into his confidence? What would I be, Reuben, if I did? A miserable traitor!"

Reuben bit his lip hard.

"But, Tom, it would save your life."

"And you would tell Colonel Johnson all?"

The gleam in Reuben's eyes answered the question.

"You must make the most of your triumph," Tom went on. "I will not sacrifice my principles."

"Then you go to Stony Point!"

Reuben fell back to his old place, watching Tom out of the corners of his eyes as though he expected that his prisoner would change his mind at the last moment. Shrewd as Reuben was, he did not know the boy whom he had ensnared. He had miscalculated his man, as the saying goes, and for some time he walked in silence, revolving many things in his head.

After all, Tom Hewlett was too brave to die at the end of a rope. Reuben, Tory though he was, admired courage, but at the same time he wanted to strike a blow for the King, and thus win recognition and fame.

Tom, he was wondering if his [illegible]as known to Ned and his other [illegible]k in the old region. If Ned [illegible] knew of it, his future might not be as dark as it looked, but he had no means of knowing what was occurring toward Sandy Beach. If he could have known he would have taken hope.

Alice, seated in the little front room of her home, was surprised by a series of raps on the door, and upon opening it she came face to face with the old woman known as Mad Mary, whom the reader has already met.

"What is it?" asked Alice, peering into the old woman's face.

"They've caught the Rebel bird!" was the reply. "They set a nice trap for him at old Archie's nest. Ha, ha!"

A sudden pallor overspread the girl's face. She caught the skinny arm of Mad Mary and dragged her into the house.

"They've caught whom?" she cried, shaking her visitor till her teeth chattered like castanets. "Not Tom?"

"Who is a greater Rebel than the Hewlett boy?" grinned the old woman, returning Alice's startled stare.

"Tom is for liberty. I guess everybody knows this. But who has captured him?"

"Who but Master Dickey and his band?"

"Merciful heavens!" burst from Alice's throat. "And pray, Mary, what have they done with him?"

"They've marched him toward the north."

Alice Hope seemed to gasp.

"That means back to Stony Point!" she exclaimed.

"There's where the redcoats are."

"Yes, yes!" cried Alice. "And Reuben is escorting him to his doom? It must not be!"

"But who can get the Rebel bird out of the snare before his nice feathers are plucked?" laughed the old woman.

"I can try, Mary."

"You, my darling?" and Mad Mary drew back and looked incredulous.

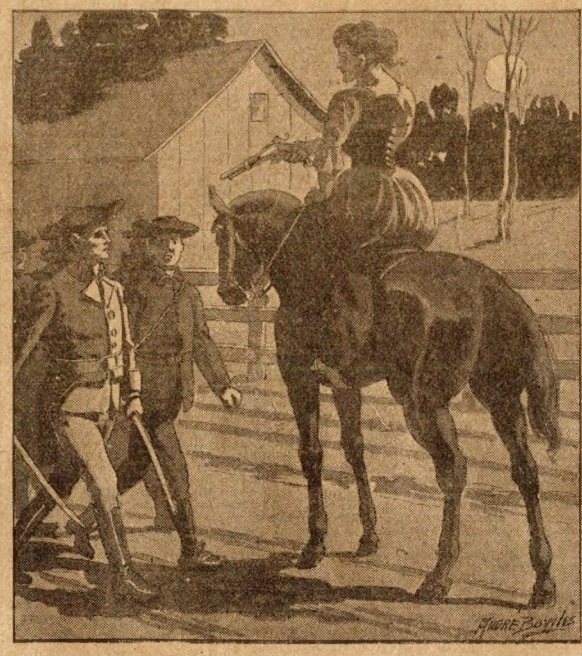
"I thank you," continued Alice. "Tell no one this."

"Mary knows how to keep a still tongue in her head."

Alice waited with impatience until the figure of her visitor was lost among the shadows of the winding road, and then stood breathless for a moment in the light of her candles.

"If they have taken the main road to the fort there is hope!" she suddenly exclaimed. "I know not where to find Ned nor Archie. I will lose precious time looking for them. Every moment is precious. If Tom is rescued, no time must be lost."

With her face still white she tiptoed across the room and opened a door.



"Halt!"

Peering anxiously into the room thus disclosed, she saw her mother asleep on her bed. The door was almost instantly closed.

Alice hastened to a chest at one side of the main room, and raising the lid, took out a pistol, the priming of which she examined in the candle light. She waited not to throw a bonnet upon her head, but extinguished the light and quitted the house. Resolution looked from her bright eyes, and she carried the weapon at her side as she hurried away.

The rising moon saw her scurrying across a meadow. She leaped a low stone fence and kept on. A few minutes later her knuckles were hammering at the door of a house apparently belonging to some well-to-do person. It was soon drawn ajar, and the face of a man confronted her.

"You, Mistress Alice?" cried the owner of the face, in half-alarm.

"Yes, Master Blair. I want your best horse."

"You? My horse at this time o' night?"

"Why not? You will not hold him back when life and liberty call?"

"Not for the world, girl."

"Then give me the horse."

"But what's up?"

"I'll answer when I return the animal." Absalom Blair smiled.

"I'll trust you, girl," said he. "You are for freedom and that is enough."

He led the way to the stables. Alice waited till he came forth, leading by the bridle a black horse which she knew was the swiftest in the settlement.

"Dick will answer to voice and rein," he said, as the girl prepared to mount. "I've ridden Dick before, Master Blair."

"So you have."

Alice fixed herself on her perch and gathered up the reins.

"Believe me it's for life and liberty!" she cried, looking down into the upturned face.

"Heaven speed you, then!" was the reply, and the next moment Alice went down the nearest road with a smile on her face.

"If they've taken the main road I'll find Tom," she exclaimed. "It was a pretty trick, as I've no doubt, Master Reuben, but there's many a slip 'twixt cup and lip, as I hope to show you."

Dick, the mettled animal, showed his blood from the start. He cantered away for a few moments when Alice spoke to him, and then his speed increased. She sat her mount like an equestrian princess. Indeed the patriot girl and the horse seemed one.

Two miles from the starting point a man appeared suddenly in the road and threw up his hands. Alice gave him a hurried look, and her eyes seemed to flash. It was Caleb Post, the Tory. He had planted himself firmly in the middle of the road and also in the moonlight. He raised his hands and cried out in loud tones:

"Which way, Mistress Hope?" and before Alice could reply, at the risk of being ridden down he caught Dick's bridle rein and was lifted off his feet.

"You must halt and talk," he said, savagely clinging to the bit. "I know you, Alice Hope, Rebel that you are!"

It was too much for the girl. She leaned toward the blatant Tory and fixed him with her gaze.

"I shall not talk," she sent straight into his teeth. "Loosen your grip, Master Post!"

"Not till you've talked."

"Loosen it, I say!"

At that moment something was thrust into Caleb's face. His eyes bulged and he fell back.

"You would not, Mistress Hope?" he gasped, staring into the muzzle of the pistol.

"Try me, sir!" was the retort. "Give me the road. I am not to be trifled with."

The weapon was an argument upon which Caleb Post had not counted. The dark muzzle was almost against his face. He imagined that the flash was already blinding him. In another moment he had dropped the rein and was gazing at a dark object which went down the road like a bounding ball.

"She rides toward Stony Point!" he cried. "But not for the King's cause, for she's Rebel to the core. I'll hie to the Red Horse Inn and tell about this night ride of Mistress Alice!" and pausing long enough to shake his fist at the vanishing girl, he turned on his heel and hurried away.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE RESCUE.

Rid of Caleb Post, who seemed bent on giving her trouble, Alice urged Dick to his topmost speed. If she were not on the wrong road, she hoped to overtake Tom and his captors before they had passed the gates of the British fort. Should she fail, the doom of the young spy was certain, for feeling was high between Rebels and British, and no mercy would be shown one who had had the cunning and audacity to pass the guards at Stony Point and afterward escape to carry valuable information to Mad Anthony.

With Alice riding to the rescue, armed only with the pistol which she had taken from a drawer in the house, let us return to Tom and his guards.

The lights of the fort had come in sight, and Reuben felt that in a short time he would have the proud satisfaction of turning his prisoner over to Colonel Johnson. There was not over a mile to be traversed, and the road was now without a turn till the ramparts of the post were reached.

If Tom thought of rescue, he made no sign. In truth there was nothing to give him hope, for he feared that his capture had taken place with such a degree of secrecy that none of his friends had discovered it. Therefore, when he first caught the sounds of hoofbeats on the road behind him, he thought little of it, and believed that his ears had deceived him.

The night wind had carried the sounds forward. Now they ceased altogether, and now again they fell upon his listening ears, giving him the first ray of hope which had entered his heart since the surprise at old Archie's cabin.

All at once they ceased entirely.

"It is a false alarm," thought Tom. "I must have been dreaming. No rescuer is on the trail, and Stony Point is my certain destination."

The reason that Tom no more heard the sounds which had buoyed him up for a fleeting moment is that Alice had perceived ahead, outlined against the moonlit sky, the little band which had Tom in its power.

A road which branched off from the place where she made this discovery caused her to turn aside in the hope of getting between the fort and Tom, and in a moment she was urging Dick forward with whispered exhortations and light touches of the whip.

At last she halted with the main road lying before her. She was between Tom and his doom!

Sitting on the black horse, amid some bushes which screened her from the road, she gripped the pistol and waited with the patience of a highwayman. Her face was pale,—but her eyes lit up with eagerness as she heard voices down the road. If she failed there would be no help for Tom, and with this in her mind she held her ground stolidly, but ever on the alert.

Almost directly in front of her the road was open, and the soft moonlight lay like a fairy net upon the ground.

Suddenly the little band came in sight. Alice was startled by the strength of Tom's guard. She had expected to see not more than four, but as they came on she counted ten, and caught sight of Tom marching dejectedly in the center.

The Loyal League reached the moonlit spot, and then Alice's arm shot forward and her voice rang out in commanding tones: "Halt!"

There was a start on the part of Reuben and his companions, and Reuben was the first to single out the fair speaker. Tom raised his head and almost gasped for joy. But when he saw that no one but Alice was in sight his hopes dropped to the depths of despair.

"Open ranks and let Master Hewlett come forward!" continued the patriot maid.

Reuben grated his teeth and made signs of resistance which did not escape Alice.

"You will obey me, Master Reuben," Alice said. "Delay on your part will deprive King George of a friend."

There was no misunderstanding those sharp words. The menace of the cocked pistol which covered Reuben's breast could have no double interpretation. The barrel shone in the brilliant moonlight, and Reuben could also see the determined men that backed it.

"Come, Master Dickey," Alice resumed, with an air of impatience. "I cannot parley all night. You will instantly release your prisoner!"

The young Tories looked at their leader, but did not speak. Their weapons, though gripped by eager hands, did not move.

Suddenly from toward the fort came sounds which thrilled every one, but not in the same manner.

Reuben knew, as did Tom and Alice, that it was a scouting party of the defenders of Stony Point sent out to see if Wayne was advancing with his army. Master Dickey took sudden hope. If he could hold Alice a few minutes longer her bold game would come to naught, and he would have two prisoners instead of one to turn over to Colonel Johnson.

Alice thought as rapidly as did Reuben.

"Quick!" she said in stern tones. "I give you no more time. It is Tom now or a dead Loyal Leaguer where you stand, Master Reuben!"

The young Tory bit his lip.

"Open ranks!" he said with bitterness. His companions obeyed and Tom stepped toward Alice.

"That is good, Master Dickey," said the girl with a smile. "You value your life highly, I perceive. One favor yet. You will sever Tom's bonds, and I shall bid you good night."

Reuben grudgingly drew his pocket knife and came forward. One swift, sharp stroke was enough, and Tom felt his pinioned arms free once more.

"This is for liberty," the girl exclaimed. "Long live Washington and his cause!"

Reuben glared at the pair like a young tiger.

"Mount behind me, Tom. I'm quite sure Dick can carry double."

Tom intsantly obeyed, and Alice, with a last triumphant glance at the discomfited occupants of the spot, spoke suddenly to the horse and was off like a bolt.

Reuben shook his fist at the flying animal and then turned toward the fort. Voices assailed his ears, and he sprang forward and shouted at the top of his voice. Six men dashed into view and halted at sight of the boys in the road.

"What's the matter?" said the leader of the scouts, as he faced Reuben and then looked at the group before him. "What are you young rascals doing so near the King's lines?"

"The answer is yonder," and Reuben pointed down the road. "I was conveying a prisoner to the fort, but he has just been rescued."

"By whom?"

Reuben blushed and was ashamed to tell the truth. It nettled him to think that Tom had been taken from him by a young girl, and that when he was in sight of Stony Point.

"You've lost your tongue, haven't you?" shot the leader of the scouting party. "I'll have to get the truth from those who can talk."

"A girl took him away," confessed Reuben. "It was Tom Hewlett's life or mine."

"I see," said the sergeant. "These Rebel lassies are dangerous and can shoot as true with their eyes as with their pistols."

"It was the pistol, not her eyes!" cried Reuben.

"And the girl and her friend have taken the road yonder?"

"Yes, sir, and I can almost hear the sounds of her horse."

"Then perhaps we can have the pleasure of bringing her night play to naught.

The British gathered up their lines and looked at their leader.

"Forward!" cried the eager sergeant. "I'll give this Rebel lass the race of her life."

Away went the entire command, leaving Reuben and his companions where they had been despoiled.

Alice and Tom had the fair start of the little squadron and were making the most of it. The girl had told her story in disjointed sentences, and Tom had related how cleverly he had fallen into the hands of his foes.

"You'll march to Stony Point with Mad Anthony yet!" she exclaimed, turning her face toward Tom. "When you once more confront Colonel Johnson, you can give him my compliments."

Tom laughed at this sally and they rode on.

"Li-ten!" he suddenly exclaimed. "There are horses behind us."

The sounds which were now borne to their ears were unmistakable.

"Enemies from the fort," Alice said. "We must outwit these foes in scarlet."

She guided Dick into the brush and drew rein.

"If it is fight, fight it shall be!" Tom heard her say through compressed lips.

The sounds grew clearer. Tom dropped to the ground and held his cap over Dick's mouth. Alice leaned forward with the pistol in her hand and a determined flash in her eyes.

All at once the horseman came in sight. Sitting the front steed, like the bold rider he was, the sergeant's keen eyes were sweeping the ground ahead.

"They're ahead yet," Tom and Alice heard him say. "We'll follow them to Mad Anthony's pickets, but what we overtake them."

A smile overspread Alice Hope's face and she glanced at Tom.

In a moment the squadron was gone, and the hoofs of their horses were heard far down the road.

"What if they had turned in to us?" asked Tom, as he remounted behind his deliverer.

"There would have been at least one dead redcoat here!"

The sounds of the last sounds had died away, when Alice spoke again to Dick and he bounded forward once more.

"Here's your horse," said Alice to Dick's amazed owner, as she dismounted before him, with the first streaks of the new day revealing the summer landscape.

"And he served you well, Mistress Alice?"

"Ah, well," was the answer. "He's a liberty colt and no mistake."

"But if I dared ask——"

"You may," broke in the girl. "Dick has performed a service for liberty. He enabled me to save Tom Hewlett from the King's gibbet."

"Good for Dick!" and the farmer patted the heated neck of the faithful beast. "Saved Tom Hewlett, did he? But don't you think these Tories will seek to turn the tables on Master Tom"

"I have no doubt they will, but the bird is no longer in the hand. He is safe in the bush!" and with a merry laugh Alice turned and ran down the path through the meadow, with her face toward home.

CHAPTER XV.

THE VENGEANCE OF MEG.

If Tom thought he was out of peril he was soon to be deceived. His escape from Stony Point and his subsequent rescue by Alice from the hands of Reuben and his companions proved a thorn in the side of the enemy.

Reuben hastened back to his old stamping ground, irritated by the delivery from an enviable frame of mind he tramped into the Red Horse Inn to find there the usual crowd of Tories, with the exception of Tetton Ford, who was still smarting under the chastisement he had administered.

Caleb Post accosted him at once.

"You don't look pleased, Master Dickey," said the Tory. "You've had your corns trod upon, if I'm a judge."

Reuben flashed an indignant look toward the speaker.

"I'm not in the best of humor," he admitted.

"I should think not. Maybe you encountered the young miss I saw riding at top speed toward the fort."

"You saw her, did you, Master Post?"

"Yes, and I tried to check her."

"I wish you had succeeded," Reuben growled. "She beat me at a good game. I had Tom Hewlett almost in the King's grip when she descended upon me like an eagle and despoiled me."

The Tories were inclined to laugh at Reuben's discomfiture, but his look silenced them.

"Never mind," said he. "We'll turn the tables yet on Master Tom."

"Bring him to me when you do," put in Meg, with a dark frown on her face. "He is the one who killed my dog, and if you will only turn him over to Meg Moffin, I promise you the King's men need not try him."

Seeing that he could not get out of it, Reuben proceeded to narrate the deliverance so adroitly carried out by Alice, but he did so in no good humor.

"I think I ought to take the girl in hand as well," said Meg. "But for her, Reuben, you would have delivered your prisoner to Colonel Johnson, no doubt."

"I certainly I would," was the answer. "You know, Mistress Meg, when one faces a loaded pistol and sees two determined eyes behind it, he is apt to lose his head."

"And a head is a good thing to preserve," observed the keeper of the inn. "I can't say that I blame you, Reuben. You did the best you could under the circumstances. Now, unless we turn the tables on Tom soon, he will be marching with Mad Anthony toward Stony P——."

"Which he shall never do!" cried the young Tory, stamping on the floor. "As to Alice, I owe her nothing."

"Of course you don't. If it had been Mistress Dicie——"

Reuben, remembering the deluge of milk, held up his hand and checked the woman.

"Please don't mention that name in my presence," he said, flushing.

At this Caleb Post, who seemed to have heard about the ludicrous encounter in the milking meadow, burst into a laugh.

"I shouldn't think you would have much love for her," said he.

"What do you know?" demanded Reuben, turning furiously upon him.

"It's about the milk."

Reuben went pale.

"I neither affirm nor deny rumors!" he exclaimed, although his look confirmed the stories that were afloat. He turned again to Meg.

"I believe I will hand Tom over to you when next I catch him."

"Do, Master Reuben," cried that termagant. "I'll be responsible for his safe-keeping, and all the Mistress Hopes in the universe will not be able to dispossess me."

From the flash of her eyes she meant what she said, and Reuben promised to

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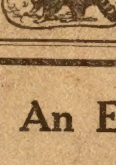

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land Tom in her hands within the next few hours.

"There'll be no rescue when next I trap him!" he cried, shutting his fists and tramping toward the door. "Of one thing I am certain. He will never march with Mad Anthony."

A round of applause welcomed this declaration, and the next moment the door had closed upon the young leader of the Loyal League.

Meantime Tom had rejoined his friend Ned, and the other young Rebels were soon made acquainted with his exciting adventures.

"Why not turn the tables on Reuben?" asked one of the boys. "I am sure General Wayne would like to see the person who almost decided the fate of his spy. We can enlist old Archie in the enterprise, for he is furious over the invasion of his cabin."

"That would surely be paying Reuben back in his own coin," Tom laughed. "I do not think Mad Anthony will advance for several days yet. Meanwhile we can look after the Loyal League, and incidentally, such Tories as Tetton Ford and Caleb Post."

"Reuben can be surprised at home."

"Or somewhere on the road. He is constantly shifting about, so eager is he to serve King George, and we should be able to trap him."

The next day passed quietly.

The whole district learned of Tom's rescue by Alice, but while the patriots were jubilant, the Tories were greatly depressed. They had long been at swords' points and almost in open warfare, and it would not require much to bring them to open hostilities. Nothing but the presence of Wayne's little army had prevented the petulant Tories from committing all sorts of depredations, but now Tom's successful invasion of Stony Point had thrown them into a frenzy.

"I observe signs of rage among the Tories," Tom said to Alice, whom he visited on the following night.

"They don't like your escape, I presume?"

"That is it," was the reply. "They have had an indignation meeting at the Red Horse Inn, and I have been denounced in round terms."

"In which Meg herself had a voice, I've no doubt," smiled the patriot girl.

"Of course Meg couldn't hold her tongue. She affects to believe that I am responsible for the death of her watchdog, and of course she wants revenge."

"I am glad that Tiger is out of the way."

"Yes, and all the dogs in the neighborhood are to share his fate, for Mad Anthony wants no canine spies around when he marches."

Alice threw a hasty look toward her own big guardian asleep on the hearth.

"You need not fear for your pet," Tom hastened to say, in tones of reassurance. "I shall see General Wayne, and preserve at least one dog's life."

"Thank you, Tom."

The youth was about to take his departure, when a sudden noise startled him and before he could seize a single weapon the door was burst open and the room was filled with rushing forms. Tom fell back, and Alice sprang to her feet, white-faced and with eyes astare.

"No resistance!" cried Reuben, who led the posse. "It is just a little turning of the tables, Tom."

There was no reply, for Tom was gazing at the crowd which was well armed and not to be successfully resisted. The surprise had been complete. Reuben was backed by the whole Loyal League, and there was nothing left but absolute surrender.

Tom took his fate with coolness.

"It is not to Stony Point this time," said Reuben, whose eyes lit up with triumph. "I promise you that, Tom."

Alice threw a hasty look toward the rifle that rested on its hooks over the fireplace. Reuben intercepted the glance, and springing forward, took possession of the weapon.

"We're not going to take any chances," he said, smiling at Alice. "We have come for Master Tom, and he is going with us."

There was no reply from the brave girl, but if looks had been arrows, the rifle would have fallen from dead hands.

Alice was forced to see Tom bound in her presence. In a few moments she was the sole occupant of the house, for Tom had been marched away by his captors.

"It was a cool swoop," she said to herself. "So Tom is not to be taken to the fort? Whither is he bound? Reuben has some new scheme in view," and then she went to the door and saw the forms disappearing down the road.

Tom was silent. He was once more in the hands of his enemies, with every eye fixed on him, and more than one hand on a deadly weapon. If he was not to be carried to Stony Point, what was to be his doom? He was soon to know.

All at once he saw before him the dark outlines of the Red Horse Inn. Then the thought rushed over him that he was to be thrown into the clutches of Meg Moffin, whose dog he had put out of the way.

Reuben, who had been marching at the head of his band, turned suddenly and took his place at Tom's side.

"Meg wants to see you, Tom," he said, in low, but victorious tones.

Tom made no reply.

"I can't say that you'll be received with any less consideration at her hands than you would have been at Colonel Johnson's."

"That woman is a monster," was all Tom replied, and then he shut his lips hard and marched on.

The prisoner was hustled across the porch and into the presence of the ogress of the old inn. An exclamation of joy burst from Meg's throat the moment she set eyes upon Tom.

"Good for you, Master Dickey!" she cried, with a grateful glance at the proud Reuben. "So you caught the young fox? Bring him forward so I can have a good look at him," and she caught up a candle and held it in Tom's face.

"Did he show his teeth?" she went on. "We didn't give him a chance," smiled Reuben. "We caught him napping, Mistress Meg——"

"I'm proud of you, Reuben. Stand him over there," and she waved her hand toward the middle of the room.

Tom was placed where the lights of the place could fall upon him, and Meg, setting her big arms akimbo, stared at him till her eyes seemed ready to leap from her head for very joy.

"I've got a new dog!" she suddenly exclaimed. "He is even fiercer than Tiger was. I got him this very day, hoping that you would catch this young Rebel. We won't stand upon ceremony, Reuben. There shall be no dry details of a trial. Sentence has already been passed on Master Hewlett. Lift yon cellar door, please."

It required the combined strength of two of the boys to obey Meg's request, and then without ceremony Tom was thrown almost headlong down a flight of dark steps. As the cellar door closed overhead, he heard a vicious growl. He was alone with a huge bulldhound!

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A Detective Pirate.

(Continued from page nine.)

"I am Miss Arnold."

"Miss Arnold, honest I couldn't help it. I was——"

"There," she exclaimed triumphantly as the ropes parted and his hands were freed. "Now, if I can get your feet untied you can——can——"

"What?" he asked eagerly.

"I'll have to leave that for your bright mind to figure out," she answered mockingly. "Give me your knife and I'll cut it."

Jarden handed the knife to her, and Isabel dropped to her knees. She was tugging at the tough rope when the door opened, Chin peered in, grunted, and sprang at her. His strong hands caught her shoulders and the fingers seemed to grip through the flesh clear to the bone. She cried out in pain as he dragged her away and over on her back.

Jarden sprang to his feet and struck at the grinning, yellow face with his uninjured hand. Chin warded off the blow, grabbed the tied legs, and jerked them from under Jarden. The masquerader fell heavily, striking the back of his head on the floor and losing consciousness.

Chin reached for the ropes that had been tied about Jarden's hands, put his knee on Isabel's chest, to have both hands free, and quickly tied her feet together. Then he spoke for the first time.

"Sliorry, Miss Arnold, but gotter do it. Bad biz for you to butt in. Why not you stlay out?"

She did not reply, and the cook found more rope and tied her hands and then Jarden's. The mate regained consciousness and looked about dazed.

"You stay here," Chin almost laughed. "I not know what to do. I go find Blarton. He tell."

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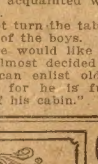

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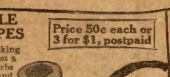

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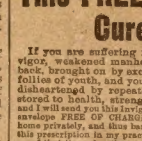

DON'T WAIT

Simply send your name and address—NO MONEY—and we'll mail you a $1 box of Biel's Kora Tablets on trial. They will prove to be Wonder Workers for Weakness, Nervousness, Lame Back, Kidney Troubles, Lack of Steam, Power, Vigor, Vim, Vitality, Old Feeling, Unfit for Marriage. If you are a human derelict or feel yourself slipping that way, let them make you full of life and ambition. This is no prescription or C. O. D. scheme, but a genuine offer. We know you will be surprised with their wonderful work or we would not dare make it. They make the Weak Strong, The Strong Stronger, and cannot harm you. Write today and pay nothing if not satisfactory after a trial.
BIEL MFG CO. Dept. 1220 DENVER, COLO.

BLOOD POISON CAN BE CURED

If you have ulcers, mucous patches in the mouth, sore throat, eruptions, copper colored spots on your body, falling hair, swollen glands, pains in the bones, or severe continued headaches, our special treatment will cure you. Our DR. LAWRENCE, former official physician of the original Cook Remedy Co., treated over 22,000 patients of that company in the fifteen years ending May 12th, 1906, the date that company discontinued taking cases to treat. DON'T BE MISLED with offers of Free Treatment, that stimulate the system for a short time. RELIABLE CURES ARE NOT FREE. Our treatment has stood the test for 25 years and have never been compelled to offer special treatments to present patients. Booklet on Blood Poison, testimonials and full information about your case, FREE. Write

PANTER REMEDY CO.,
Suite 309 67 Clark Street, Chicago Ill.

$3.50 Recipe Free, For Weak Men.

Send Name and Address Today—You Can Have it Free and Be Strong and Vigorous.

I have in my possession a prescription for nervous debility, lack of vigor, weakened manhood, failing memory and lame back, brought on by excesses, unnatural drains, or the follies of youth, that has cured so many worn and nervous men right in their own homes—without any additional help or medicine—that I think every man who wishes to regain his manly power and virility, quickly and quietly, should have a copy. So I have determined to send a copy of the prescription free of charge, in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope to any man who will write me for it.

This prescription comes from a physician who has made a special study of men and I am convinced it is the surest-acting combination for the cure of deficient manhood and vigor failure ever put together.

I think I owe it to my fellow man to send them a copy in confidence so that any man anywhere who is weak and discouraged with repeated failures may stop drugging himself with harmful patent medicines, secure what I believe is the quickest-acting restorative, upbuilding, SPOT-TOUCHING remedy ever devised, and so cure himself at home quietly and quickly. Just drop me a line like this: Dr. A. E. Robinson, 3791 Luck Building, Detroit, Mich., and I will send you a copy of this splendid recipe in a plain, ordinary envelope free of charge. A great many doctors would charge $3.00 to $5.00 for merely writing out a prescription like this—but I send it entirely free.

DR. PRICE'S FAVORITE PRESCRIPTIONS
THIS BOOK FREE

MEN—WOMEN

You should send today for this Great Guide to Health. It's mailed Absolutely Free, postage prepaid, in a plain envelope to every sufferer, man and woman. It tells in plain simple language how such old chronic diseases as Indigestion, Constipation, Piles, Liver Disorders, Rheumatism, Gout, Kidney Diseases, Gravel and Bladder Troubles, Catarrh, Asthma, Bronchitis, Heart Disease, Eczema, Blood Poison, Nervous Disorders and over 80 Private and Chronic Diseases of men and women can be permanently cured, in your own home, at a very small cost.

It makes no difference how old and obstinate your case is—how many remedies and doctors you have tried—how many times you have failed to be cured or relieved—this Free Book will prove a revelation to you. This book was written by one of the Greatest Living Physicians and Surgeons and it may be worth more than its weight in gold to you. Write for a copy today and be restored to your Old-time Health, Strength and Vigor. Address

Dr. J. Russell Price Co., 510 Dickey Bldg., Chicago, Ill.